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Journal of Management Education 35(1)

**CANTON.**

W. Shoberl, Publisher, 20 G<sup>t</sup> Marlborough Street, London.







A  
VOYAGE TO CHINA;

INCLUDING  
A VISIT TO THE BOMBAY PRESIDENCY;  
THE MAHRATTA COUNTRY;  
THE CAVE TEMPLES OF WESTERN INDIA, SINGAPORE,  
THE STRAITS OF MALACCA AND SUNDA,  
AND THE  
CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

BY  
DR. BERNCASTLE,  
MEMBER OF THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS, LONDON.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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## P R E F A C E.

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IN the following pages I have noted down such occurrences and incidents as came under my own personal observation, during the long voyage over the world of waters that intervenes between the English shores and China—a country perhaps second only in extent to the gigantic empire which stretches north and south over the whole continent of Eastern Europe, as well as over that of Western Asia—but of infinitely greater consequence to us in a commercial point of view, the more particularly, since the late war, when the cession of Hong Kong has had the effect of increasing our commerce and relations with that part of the world.

In the course of my narrative, I have given some account of the places at which the ship in which I went out touched, and of the persons with whom I happened to come in contact, in the hope that such details may not be unacceptable to general readers, and, at the same time, prove of some utility to those who may hereafter follow in the same track.

The Cape of Good Hope being a part of the world at which vessels frequently stop to take in supplies, on their voyage out to the far East, and being, moreover, one of the most important and commanding spots on the face of the earth, I have deemed it expedient to devote considerable space to the mention of this Colony—unquestionably one of the most valuable of the British possessions abroad, and which would, no doubt, at this moment, have been severed from the mother country, had not the English Government been recently compelled to yield to the just and rightful demands of its inhabitants.

To have placed that good and brave man, Sir Harry Smith, for so long a period, in so trying a situation, during which he acquitted himself in the most honourable manner, both towards his country and the Colonists, over whom he was called upon to preside, is an evidence of imbecility, or ignorance, without parallel on the part of a British Minister.

That country, which has been termed "the brightest jewel in the English Crown," was, consequently, in great jeopardy of being ruined, on account of the tardy order to remove from its shores the malefactors to a more suitable destination. It is to be hoped that the mistaken policy exhibited on this occasion will operate as a warning to future Ministers, who, it is obvious, should be selected to fill such important trusts, on account of their great experience of men and manners, of their high attainments, and practical knowledge of the wants of our vast Colonial Empire.

The next place of paramount importance at which I arrived was Bombay, and such is our almost daily intercourse with India, that I venture to hope the descriptions which I have given connected with this now most important part of our Indian Empire, may be of some service to the numerous visitants to that Presidency. During my stay in Western India, I could not resist the temptation, although at considerable expense, of visiting Poona, the celebrated capital of the Mahratta Empire, and those famous cave temples of Karli, Kanari, Bambourda, &c., so seldom explored by travellers.

On my arrival at Singapore, that recently-founded emporium of the commerce of the East, I could not fail to be impressed with the baneful effects of opium-smoking amongst the natives. But I feel assured that the *abuse of spirits and tobacco* at home is attended with evils quite as great to the health and morals of the people, as those arising in the East from the practice of opium-smoking.

As regards Hong Kong, I have given some particulars connected with the present state of the Colony, which I trust may not be considered devoid of interest.

On arriving in the great "Provincial City"\* of the Celestial Empire, I availed myself of every opportunity of inspecting whatever is accessible to the "Fan-qui," although in one or two cases, at some personal risk to myself. Among other excursions, I may mention that round the walls of the city, early in the morning, before the population were stirring, which is seldom undertaken by any European.

I must not omit to express my best acknowledgments to various friends and others, from whom I experienced the utmost kindness and hospitality during my stay in the East, and who afforded me every facility in their power of visiting places which I deemed worthy of inspection. I may particularly mention the names of Mr. Shea, the chief surgeon at the Naval

\* Canton is so called by the Chinese.



Hospital, Cape of Good Hope; Dr. Miller, of Bombay; Major Candy and the Rev. H. Cassidy, of Poona; Dr. Allen, of Singapore; Drs. Hunter and Smith, of Whampoa; Mr. Mackean, Mr. Walkinshaw, Drs. Parker and Kenny, of Canton; and Dr. Watson, of Macao.

I have also to tender my thanks to the Curator of the East India Company's Museum, for having so obligingly permitted me to have copied from the Chinese original, the View of Canton, which forms the frontispiece to the first volume. My acknowledgments are also due to the noble-minded Lady Franklin, who, on account of my former acquaintance with her gallant husband, whose fate at present excites so deep an interest in the public mind, has kindly acquiesced in my wish, out of respect to him, to permit me to dedicate to her the present volumes.

J. BERNCASTLE.

80, Albany-street, Regent's Park,  
November, 1850.

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A

# VOYAGE TO CHINA.

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## CHAPTER I.

Desire to Visit the East—Embark in the “Herefordshire”—Her Crew and Appointments—Bay of Biscay—A Fatality—View of Madeira—Flying-Fish, Sharks and Sea-Gulls—A Blue Shark captured—Thermometer in the Tropics—Sea-Bathing—A Calm—A Perilous Adventure—The Monster’s Sagacity—Ceremonies of Crossing the Line—The Coast of Brazil—The Albatross described—Its Voracity—View of Table Mountain.

A GREAT desire to visit the East, had always been with me a taste not easy to gratify, when unexpectedly circumstances occurred which enabled me to accomplish my wishes, beyond my most sanguine expectations.

On the 6th of October, 1848, I embarked at Portsmouth on board of the “Herefordshire,” Captain Richardson, bound to the Cape of Good Hope and Bombay. The “Hereford-

shire" is one of the old East India Company's teak-built ships, of which there are only three others left. She is 1,600 tons, pierced for forty guns, and carries one hundred men. In the Company's time, her crew was one hundred and fifty, and her armament complete: she is the size of a fifty-gun frigate; and, when used as a troop-ship, has carried on the gun and orlop decks 800 men.

Three years ago, she left New York, drawing twenty-five feet water, being loaded with flour for the Irish famine: a seventy-four-gun ship draws no more. She sails very fast, and is the easiest ship at sea I ever was in. After five or six days beating down Channel under double-reefed topsails, we saw the Lizard light for the last time on the 12th, and, having entered the Bay of Biscay, that classic region of storms, under most favourable auspices, the wind right aft and all our white canvass swelling with the breeze, we had just dined, and were sitting gaily over our wine, when the cry of "a man overboard!" resounded through the ship.

I sprang upon deck, and ran towards the life-buoy, which I found the boatswain's mate in the act of cutting away. About fifty yards astern, a fine young sailor was struggling against the waves, and looking up towards us with an aspect of despair mingled with rays of hope. He swam towards the life-buoy, and was said to have been seen to grasp it, by some hands stationed on the main-yard. A cutter manned by six picked men, with the third officer, pulled off immediately to his rescue ; there was a considerable amount of sea on at the time, which prevented the men in the boat from distinguishing an object at any distance from them, and from the ship he was entirely lost sight of.

The sailors having pulled against a hard wind for more than an hour, without any chance of success, a signal was made for their recall. The ship being before the wind when the accident occurred, was very much against the man's being picked up, and, in rounding to, we carried away the fore-topsail yard ; the immense spar broke like a reed, and two

hands at work upon it had a narrow escape from being precipitated on deck. The yards were now squared, and the breeze increasing soon carried us far away from the resting-place of the unfortunate sailor.

The affability of our excellent Captain, and constant fine weather, made us find the time pass agreeably, nothing occurring but the usual routine of speaking ships, or exchanging signals, until the 19th, when we arrived off the far-famed island of Madeira, keeping it in sight all day, on the larboard side distant about fifteen miles. It appears a high bold land, terminating abruptly towards the southern extremity. With the glass, we could easily distinguish the green trees, and a few buildings on different parts of the island, as we passed along almost becalmed in front of it. This is the second time I have been tantalized with a distant view of Madeira, which, much to my regret, has ended in a view, "*et preterea nihil.*"

Every day now makes a sensible difference in the temperature as we approach the tropics,

and the ocean begins to have more signs of life. Innumerable porpoises gambol around the ship; a grampus is seen sporting astern, and shoals of flying-fish dart suddenly by, disappearing in the water for a minute, then rising again in the air, pursued by some of the larger fish that prey upon them. Bonetas, albicores and dolphins, are all good eating, and offer much sport to the angler. The nautilus, called by sailors Portuguese man-of-war, is constantly met with sailing along, and boobies, a species of seagull, alight upon the rigging, where they allow themselves to be caught by hand. Occasionally, a large whale is seen spouting in the distance, which, with sharks and pilot-fish, serve to break up the monotony of a long sea voyage.

Soon after we had entered the tropic of Cancer, two large sharks, the first we had yet seen, were swimming a few yards from the ship. Two good shark-hooks, baited with salt pork, were soon towing astern, and a minute afterwards one fish turning himself on his back took the bait, and was quickly



hauled on board. It was a blue shark, about eight feet long, each jaw having three rows of teeth; a remora, or sucking fish, was adhering to its side. It was soon cut to pieces by the sailors, who rather like it as it affords them a fresh mess. We had some fried for dinner, and it is not bad eating for a change.

I found the range of the thermometer in the tropics at sea, in the shade, to be from 80 to 86, varying little night or day, and the temperature of the water the same as that of the air, which renders sea-bathing very delightful and conducive to health. This can be had early in the morning on deck, but I have sometimes during a calm been tempted to have a swim overboard, which is not an uncommon thing for the crew to do, however imprudent such a step must be, even should no shark at the time be in sight.

I remember well, in 1842, when returning from Australasia, we had just arrived within a few degrees of the Equator, having run through the south-east-trade, where

calms and variables are always to be expected, but seldom to the extent that fell to our lot. Becalmed off the coast of the Brazils, under a vertical sun, we lay during twelve successive days, with the helm lashed a-lee, like a log upon the water. Not a breath of air was stirring; and the only noise heard was the flapping of the useless sails against the masts, and the grumbling of the sailors, who prefer even the tempest to the tedious monotony of a calm. The passengers were trying to kill time by various devices. Some amused themselves by shooting at a target hung out from the topsail yard-arm; others resorted to gymnastics amongst the spars and rigging, but the excessive heat, and the unrippled stillness of the ocean, tempted a gentleman and myself to indulge in the renovating luxury of a bath. To this the chances of meeting with a shark presented the only objection; but we had not seen one for several days, although certainly two pilot-fish had been found playing under the rudder-case the

day before. The desire of sea-bathing under the Line was, however, so great that it overcame our apprehensions, and the order having been given to man the cutter and lower away, we at once found ourselves upon the placid waters.

No sooner had the boat left the ship's side, than two pilot-fish were observed to dart out from their hiding place. My friend quickly undressed and sprang into the sea, but had scarcely swam round the cutter when he became alarmed, and, although an excellent swimmer, begged of us to help him in directly. He seemed as if he had a presentiment of evil. We laughed at his excited state and with some little delay, owing to the height of the gunwale, got him into the boat. One minute had not elapsed from the time he left the water, when the second officer called out from the forecabin, "a large shark on the lee bow!" We all of course thought it was in joke, and whilst looking in that direction without seeing anything—"There, There! close alongside the boat!—"

was echoed from a hundred voices, all pointing at once to the same spot.

We then plainly saw, floating on the surface of the water, this immense monster of the deep, so near to the boat that we could have touched it with our hands. It was a grey shark, one of the worst species, and reached from stem to stern of the cutter, a length of eighteen feet: his faithful attendants, the pilot-fish, as usual were at his sides. It swam several times around us, as if disappointed of his prey, whilst we congratulated our friend upon his miraculous escape, which, long after, afforded a subject of merriment.

During this time, they were not idle on board the ship. The shark-hook was baited with a couple of pounds of salt pork, and rigged out over the taffrail: the fish approached the bait reluctantly, and would not touch it, he had missed his man, and he knew the difference: it was a fresh mess he wanted. All eyes were watching the hook with anxiety, but it would not do.

He swam round and round the ship for

two hours constantly, with the pilot-fish that invariably accompany him. No artifice could induce him to touch the bait, which at any other time would have been most eagerly caught at. He had lost his intended *bonne bouche*, and nothing could satisfy him in its place. At last, he took his departure, and his sharp dorsal fin, which is generally seen above the surface of the water, was soon lost in the distance.

We have now been just one month at sea, and passing the rock of St. Paul's situated near the Equator, Neptune's Secretary came on board in the evening, amidst the burning of blue lights and tar-barrels, to announce the intended visit of the God of the sea on our crossing the Line, and to obtain the list of all those who had never yet entered his dominions.

The next day we crossed the Line, when Neptune himself came on board, and was drawn in his car in state round the decks by four sailors disguised as bears. His other attendants, in grotesque costumes, formed

the procession, which was well got up, the ceremony having been sanctioned by the captain, on condition that it should be confined to the crew, and put a stop to by them when ordered to "*knock off*."

About thirty of the sailors underwent the usual ordeal of shaving, and subsequent ducking, in a large tub filled with salt water, not of the purest description. At noon the decks were cleared, and everything terminated very pleasantly. In the evening, the men amused themselves by singing and dancing on the quarter-deck, when extra grog was served out to them, and thus ended a ceremony which, harmless in itself, has been the cause of so many abuses, that some captains object to its performance. I think in a ship with proper discipline, and a little care in the distribution of spirits, such a recreation can be but useful, and is generally looked forward to by passengers as one of the sights of an Indian voyage, that one could hardly fancy complete without it.

The north-east-trade has carried us

more to the westward than is desirable, and we are off the island of Ferdinand de Noronha, on the coast of Brazil, used by that government as a place for convicts. Flocks of white gulls all around show the vicinity of the land. We pass not far from the islands of Martin Vas and Trinidad, and begin to haul up for the Cape of Good Hope. Leaving the tropic of Capricorn, we soon lose sight of flying-fish, bonetas, and other tropical companions, and fall in with Cape hens, Cape pigeons, and the stately albatross, which is seldom seen in the tropics

Amongst the various interesting objects met with in a long sea voyage, the albatross certainly ranks the foremost. Its immense size, its beautiful white plumage, and the majestic manner in which it sails rapidly along without moving its expanded wings, render it the most splendid sight that it is possible to behold. They are not generally met with before reaching  $30^{\circ}$  south latitude, when they begin to appear, and increase in numbers as we get into the cold regions of

the southern hemisphere. Off the Cape of Good Hope they are exceedingly numerous, and afford a great deal of sport to the passengers on board ship, who pass the time away in shooting at them, or fishing for them with a line and baited hook.

The sailors call them South Sea-men, and believe that every captain of a South Sea-man who dies is transformed into an albatross, still to haunt the seas he was accustomed to roam upon during his life; this and many other superstitious sayings are connected with them; I had heard many disputes arise about their dimensions, and some are apt to over-rate them. The largest we ever caught measured twelve feet from the tip of one wing to the tip of the other. We caught several measuring from one to two feet less.

A captain who had been cast away on the barren island of Tristan da Cunha, and had subsisted there for two years, principally on their eggs, had had most ample opportunities of ascertaining the real facts, and he assured me that he had never taken one



measuring more than thirteen feet. I have seen an account of one in the museum at Cape Town, the largest ever caught, it is seventeen feet from the tip of one wing to the tip of the other. The albatross must only be seen on the wing; when taken, and got on deck, it is the most helpless, awkward looking bird imaginable: it vomits directly, and tumbles about, being quite unable to raise itself and fly away.

Its voracity is well marked, and it is the constant companion of ships, following in their wake to pick up what is cast over-board. It is not unusual to see a dozen or more of these gigantic birds settle down on the water, devouring anything that chance may have thrown in their way. This repast renders them an easy prey to the angler.

When the weather is calm, and the ship not going more than two knots through the water, a large fish-hook is baited with a piece of pork, and being attached to a strong line not less than two-hundred feet long, is

thrown over the taffrail, and allowed to tow astern.

The albatross hovers round it several times, then settles down on the water and swallows it at once. The line is hauled in, and he is easily taken, unless, as often happens, by his struggles he breaks the hook or line, and escapes. I have seen in this way several caught in less than an hour.

Their beaks, measuring from six to eight inches, are so strong that it is dangerous to get near them. The sailors make purses of their web feet, and tobacco pipe tubes out of the bones of their legs. They are not fit for food, the flesh having a strong taste of fish, but their eggs, I have heard, are good eating.

We are running with a strong breeze on the quarter towards our destination ; and, during the night went eleven knots an hour, which is about as much as can be expected from any ship, although we often hear of twelve and thirteen knots being accomplished, which I generally accept "*cum grano salis*."

We carried away the main-topmast

studding sail boom, and split the fore-topmast studding sail, showing that they had a disposition to take themselves in, as will happen when they are not taken in in time. Several whales are sporting about the ship, and shoals of porpoises surround us. A gentleman out on the dolphin-striker, struck one with a harpoon, but the fish not being hauled up quick enough, tore away from the weapon, which must be the case when the men on deck are not smart in getting him on board.

On the 7th December, towards evening, we sighted, for the first time, the coast of Africa, and shortly afterwards Table Mountain, distant about twenty miles. Early the next morning, we reefed topsails, expecting a strong south-easter out of Table Bay, but were agreeably disappointed, the wind falling so light that we almost drifted up to our moorings, about a mile from the shore, where we brought up at two P.M., in six and a half fathoms, with ninety fathoms of chain out.

In letting go the anchor, the stock did

not clear one of the stays, and carried away the flying jib-boom. If we had come in the day before, it might have been worse: the redoubted south-easter blew so strong from the mountain, that the Dutch frigate the "Ceres," snapped her chain, and drove out to sea; and another, the "Prins von Netherlands," in beating into the bay, carried away her main-topsail yard, and was obliged to run out to sea. They both returned the same morning we entered Table Bay.

## CHAPTER II.

Malay Boats—Landing at Cape Town—Mrs. Parke's Hotel—Government House—The Cape Town Museum—The Town described—Mixed Inhabitants—Public Buildings—Penguins—Citadel and Garrison—Mail to Simon's Town—Residence of Sir H. Smith—Snakes—False Bay—Dutch Fort—Kalk Bay—The Naval Hospital—Cases of Elephantiasis—The Dockyard—Black Beetle—Wild Animals—The Southampton Frigate—Cape Vineyards—Dutch Frigate—Phoenix Steamer.

THE day was beautiful, with scarcely a breath of wind, this being at the Cape the beginning of summer. A whale-boat, pulled by four Malays, soon came alongside, bringing on board Mr. Bance, the port-captain, and Dr. Laing, the officer of health. We were soon surrounded by a number of boats of all sizes belonging to Malays, who, with their tontons, or broad pointed hats, and white clothing, had a very novel appearance.

In a quarter of an hour, a sailing-boat landed me, for the first time, on African ground. Having passed the custom-house, I proceeded at once to Mrs. Parke's hotel in the Heerengracht, the principal street in Cape Town.

I took a stroll out before dinner as far as the Government-house, which has nothing remarkable about it but a shady avenue of lofty trees, a mile long, that leads to it, and forms a very pleasant promenade in the hot weather. The South African College is on one side of it. In front of the garden of Government-house, I saw a Caffre crane, which is a very handsome and not a common bird here.

In the gardens the Cape Town museum is to be seen; but it was too late for admittance. It contains specimens of the zoology and entomology, &c., of the colony, but is rather a poor affair. At seven I dined at the *table d'hôte* at the hotel; about twenty sate down to dinner. Captain Consitt and a large party of ladies, passengers in the

“Devonshire” for Madras, were staying there, who with the captains and passengers from other ships, completed our party.

Dinner was served up in good style, several sorts of Cape fish, oyster omelettes, a vegetable called knowlkop, not unlike our sea-kale, peach pie, Cape plums, and oranges were the only novelties I noticed.

9th December. The first impressions of Cape Town are very favourable; the streets are wide, and all *tiré à cordon*. Trees are planted in front of the houses, like the Boulevards. The houses have a lively appearance, being all painted a light stone colour, with green Venetian blinds to the windows. The principal inconvenience arises from the strong winds blowing about the fine red sand, which penetrates into everything, and renders walking out very unpleasant whilst it lasts.

Cape Town contains a population of 25,000, two thirds of whom are people of colour. The Malays form the greater portion of the lower classes, then Negroes,

Hottentots, Caffres, and a host of other varieties.

Many of the native Dutch people are of an olive complexion. The Dutch language is spoken by almost every person you meet; and amongst the lower classes, many speak nothing else.

The town is well supplied with excellent water; meat, fruit, and vegetables are abundant in the market. Meat is very cheap, and fish so common, that a large salmon, weighing thirty pounds, may be had for sixpence. It is not delicate, and has of that fish but the name.

The public buildings are very creditable; amongst them the Exchange, the public reading rooms free to visitors for a month; the churches, courts of law, town-hall, barracks, &c. The town is lighted with gas, and policemen, the same as in London, are seen in the streets.

The view from the jetty is very animated. The bay swarms with penguins, a species of white gull, and other sorts of aquatic



birds, which are not allowed to be shot at inside the shipping. Two Dutch frigates and a war steamer were at anchor in the bay.

Cape Town is defended by several batteries, and has a strong citadel, which is bomb proof. The garrison consists of two regiments of the line, and the Cape Mounted Rifles, who are Hottentots, and form a very fine body of men.

The mail for Simon's Town is a sort of light cart, drawn by two or four horses, according to the load, and starts every day at two o'clock, performing the distance, twenty-three miles, in three hours, the fare is seven and sixpence each way ; it returns from Simon's Town every morning at seven. A lieutenant of the "Dee" steamer was the only passenger with me.

We passed through several villages, Clermont, Rondebosh, Wynberg, &c. The road is lined as far as Wynberg with plantations and avenues of trees, principally the African oak and fir. The aloes grow wild

amidst the hedges, and also a large species of cactus.

Five miles from Cape Town, at Rondebosh, we pass on our right Westbrook, the villa, or summer residence of the Governor, Sir Harry Smith, the "hero of Aliwal;" next the beautiful seat of Mr. Cloete, and many other residences of the most wealthy colonists.

Constantia, an estate celebrated for the wine to which it gives its name, is a few miles from Wynberg, and a favourite day's excursion for visitors to the Cape. The principal vineyards belong to Messrs. Cloete and Van Rennan, who are very courteous in allowing visitors to go over the grounds, wine stores, &c. The best sorts of wine are the Pontac, and Frontignac Constantia, which fetch a good price, five shillings per bottle; inferior sorts to be had at a much less price. A champagne, which is spoken highly of, has of late years been manufactured by Mr. Van Rennan.

The road now runs through a very barren

country, consisting of a thick scrub, abounding in snakes of all descriptions. Among these the cobra di capella, and the puff adder are the most venomous. In hot weather these are frequently seen to cross the road; lizards and tarantulas are also very common. The road is covered with red sand peculiar to this district, which, when the wind is high, renders travelling or riding very troublesome, and is what English people seem to complain of greatly.

The latter part of the journey is by far the most interesting. On the left is False Bay, with the surf breaking over heaps of immense pieces of detached rocks, forming the border of one side of the road, and close to you, on the right, arises a chain of high mountains, most precipitous, and in many parts as straight as a wall, which, with the distinct stratified lines, and dark granite colour, without any trace of vegetation, gives them an exact resemblance to the ruins of old castles, or fortifications in ruins.

We now pass by the ruins of a large

Dutch fort, erected for the defence of False Bay. Several large pieces of cannon are lying half embedded in the sand, and piles of cannon balls are strewed about. Close by, is an inn kept by farmer Peck, called "The Gentle Shepherd of Salisbury Plains," having an appropriately-painted sign-board, with this inscription and verses:—

"Life's but a journey, let us live well on the road,  
Says the Gentle Shepherd."

Underneath are the following verses, which I stopped to copy:—

Multum in parvo, pro bono publico,  
Entertainment for man or beast all in a row,  
Lekker Kost, (nice victuals) as much as you please,  
Excellent beds without any \* \* \* \* \*.  
Nos patriam fugimus! now we are here,  
Vivamus, let us live by selling beer:  
On donne á boire et á manger ici,  
Come in and try it whoever you be.

I followed this advice, and took a small tumbler of Constantia hock and a biscuit, which gave me the opportunity of a few minutes conversation with farmer Peck, who is quite an original character.

Several waggons passed along the road, drawn by twelve or fourteen bullocks, two and two, driven by one man sitting in front. It is not unusual to meet as many as twenty-four harnessed together in the same manner, horses being seldom employed in waggons, or in farming pursuits.

Kalk Bay, the seat of the whale-fishery, is the next place we arrive at. During the season, whales come in to calve in the bay, and are taken very easily. A dozen boats drawn up on the beach, with several buildings for the melting down of the blubber, &c., form the whole of the establishment. The boats used are not whale boats. One of the features about this part of the country is that all the posts, milestones, and railings are made of whales' ribs, which in the fields and gardens have a singular appearance.

The road now suddenly terminates, and we have to drive for about a mile across loose quicksands, close to the water's edge, which is sometimes attended with great difficulty. Having crossed the sands, we join

the road again, which further on is interrupted by a similar piece of quicksand to the first; after that are seen sunk in the sands the hulls of several slavers, taken in the Mozambique channel, which have been there for years. One, the "Anna Felice," captured in 1838 by the "Modeste," has about a foot remaining above the surface of the sand. The tank vessel in Simon's Bay was also a captured slaver. Of late, none have been brought in, St. Helena being the station they are taken to.

I arrived at the Naval Hospital, where I found Mr. Shea, chief surgeon, who was much pleased to receive such recent news from his family in England, and invited me very kindly to take up my quarters with him, which I accepted.

December 10th. After breakfast, I accompanied Mr. Shea to visit the patients in the Naval Hospital. It contains eighty beds, and the situation, on a rising ground near the sea, is very eligible. There were not more than thirty patients, a great many having

been sent home to England in the "President."

I was requested to see an officer of the flag-ship, the son of an admiral, labouring under "*morbus cordis*," from diseased valves, which had brought on very severe general dropsy, that would render him unfit for active service.

We now rode out a few miles, and cantered across the sands. On our return, we went to see two patients afflicted with elephantiasis, here called by the people leprosy. The natives consider it contagious, and care little about medical treatment, preferring certain herbs and nostrums from old women's recipes. The medical men here do not consider it to be contagious nor hereditary, and have only seen it amongst the people of colour.

It is essentially a disease of debility, of a very chronic and intractable nature, pursuing its course like a malignant malady, little controlled by medicine until it ends in a gradual breaking up of the constitution.

Large tumours appear principally upon the extremities, unattended with pain; sometimes the edges having a disposition to heal, but only to break out again. The pulse is remarkably languid, feeble and slow, the tongue unaffected, the intellect not impaired.

Dry gangrene sometimes attacks the feet, and the toes drop off. Mr. Shea has a lad under his care whose fingers have dropped off; the first place in which it shews itself is the lower lobe of the ear, or under the eyebrows, where a thickening of the skin takes place, which may be overlooked by the patient, until the gradual extension of the disease to other parts first calls his attention to it. It occurs at any age, one subject being only nine years old. Quinine, potassæ iodide, mercury, and almost all alteratives and tonics have been given without much effect. Mr. Shea has found most benefit from Donovan's solution of *Liq. Hydriodatis arsenici cum hydrargyro*, m. xx bis vel ter die, until it affects the gums.



*Notes of the two cases of Elephantiasis from personal observation :*

Thomas, aged seventy, a negro formerly employed in the dockyard, has always been an active, temperate man, a water drinker; has had it four years. His pulse is very feeble, slow, and compressible, tongue moist, with a peculiar huskiness of voice which seems to depend upon thickening about the larynx and air passages. He presented the appearance of the "*facies Leontodes*." He had not been under medical treatment for some time.

Henrick, aged thirty-three, a Malay, by trade a tailor, has been afflicted with it nine years; was formerly of intemperate habits; does not now care about liquor, feels worse after it, sleeps well, appetite good, sight not affected, pulse and voice the same as the other man's. Satyriasis is not present as spoken of by some authors. He suffered no pain, and did not care about medical treatment.

On the return from our ride, we "tiffined"

with Mr. Breaks, the superintendant of the Dockyard; had Cape gooseberries, a round fruit contained in an octangular sort of husk, rather insipid. Invited by Mr. Lash, purser of the "Southampton," to dine on board with the officers at six. Walked out before dinner with Mr. Lash and Dr. Deas, surgeon to the "Southampton."

The Dockyard contains anchors, cables, and naval stores for vessels of all sizes. There are four guns saved from the "Thunderbolt," man-of-war steamer, wrecked in Algoa Bay. They are the largest made eighty pounders, ten inches diameter, carrying shell, or the same made into shot by pouring melted lead into them. There are also two guns, thirty-two pounders, saved from the "Snake," wrecked a year ago in the Mozambique Channel.

In walking towards the Battery, I found a cobra-di-capella lying quietly on the grass. We killed it; it measured five feet. Along the road side, the aloe, bamboo, cactus, and Hottentot fig, which is good eating, grew in

great profusion. There is a sort of snake found here that hangs by its tail from trees, and darts at the face of any one passing by. It is very dangerous to sportsmen when in search of game.

Saw on the road a black beetle as big as a may-bug rolling something along as large as an apple at a very quick pace. He pushed it forward with his hind legs by placing his fore legs against the ground. After every foot of distance, he mounted on the top of his load, to see the road clear, and then recommenced his labour. If he observed any obstruction, he steered clear of it.

On our return, we met some Malays, who told us that they had watched him roll it out of sight in the fields.

Sportsmen, when out shooting the black partridge and Cape pheasant hereabouts, now and then meet with the wolf, hyena, the cheetah or Cape tiger, and the jackall, which is very common; and several packs of foxhounds are kept to hunt them. Large baboons are often seen, and land tortoises,

weighing one hundred weight, that can carry a man on their back.

Went on board the "Southampton" at six o'clock in the launch, with Commander West and several officers. The Commander very politely showed me over the frigate: she carries fifty guns and five hundred men. She is rather larger than the "Herefordshire," of which he said he was once part owner. About twenty of us sat down to a dinner, consisting of several courses, dessert, and claret, served up in very good style. Captain Corry dined with the Admiral ashore. The "Southampton" came out in sixty-three days; staying four days at Madeira.

She has a round stern, small poop, and top-gallant forecastle; with stores for five months: she draws twenty-two feet water. Besides the flag-ship there are now at Simon's Bay the "Geyser" of 280 horse power, six large guns. The "Dee" steam troop-ship; the "Seringapatam" coal depot.

Came off at nine in a twelve-oared launch, and landed at the Dockyard: challenged

by the sentry gave the watchword "Marlborough."

Simon's Town is a quiet, comfortable little place, not unlike Broadstairs, and about the same size: the principal people being those connected with the Dockyard and ships of war. The Admiral has a pretty residence near the sea side. There are a few small batteries on the heights, mounted with long thirty-two pounders, and a saluting platform.

11th December. Left Simon's Town at seven A.M., by the mail; observed on the road several locusts about the size of a linnet, and of very beautiful colours, being striped red, yellow, black, and green: they are sometimes seen in swarms.

A lizard and a mole, and a large quantity of "skilpot," or land-tortoise berries, also attracted my attention on the road. Near Rondebosh, we passed several fields of Cape vineyards, very much like fields of currant trees; the grapes are only used for making wine. Passed the observatory on our right; in it is a block of granite

weighing 150 tons, brought from Table Mountain, at a cost of £500, for the purpose of serving as a base for astronomical instruments requiring great nicety in their erection.

This observatory, three miles from Cape Town, is well worth inspecting. I took a walk to the fruit-market, and next purchased some of the curiosities usually obtained in South Africa, such as assegais taken in the late Caffre war, poisoned arrows, spears, ostrich's eggs, Malay hats, &c.

In the afternoon, I went on board the Dutch frigate, "Prins von Netherlands," sixty guns, and 700 men, going on a war-like expedition against the Sultan of Bally. The state apartments are very splendid, this ship being usually commanded by the son of the King of Holland, Prince Henry of the Netherlands, who was prevented by illness from joining the expedition. This frigate was in first-rate order, and I was pleased to see the descendants of Van Tromp and De Ruyter cut so respectable a

figure upon the element on which their ancestors had performed such brilliant exploits.

I afterwards visited the "Phoenix" steamer, plying between Cape Town and Algoa Bay, calling at the intermediate stations of Mossel Bay, Plettenburg Bay, St. Francis Bay, Orange River, Knysna River, and Port Beaufort. She is 400 tons, 140 horse-power, and elegantly fitted up. The fare to Algoa Bay is, first class, £9; second, £6; deck, £2; time required, ten days, performing two voyages a month; the distance is 600 miles.

## CHAPTER III.

Ascent of Table Mountain—A Torrent of Water—Washerwomen—Solomon, the Malay Guide—Poisonous Fruit—Vegetation—Fissure in the Rock—Delightful Temperature—A Dangerous Path—Specimens of Geology—The Devil's Hill, and the Lion's Head—View of Cape Town from the Mountain—Resort of Picnic Parties—A Cave in the Rocks—Return to Cape Town.

HAVING engaged a Malay guide, named "Solomon," who lived by making trips up the mountain with visitors, I found that I could only perform the excursion on Monday, starting off at noon, as the ship was to sail on Tuesday morning. It is customary with those who can command the time to begin the journey at three o'clock in the morning, which enables them to reach the summit before the heat of the sun renders it oppressive. I had no other choice than to ascend



it during the hottest part of an African summer's day, or not at all ; so, having filled a basket with sandwiches, oranges, and brandy, I left the Heerengracht at one, P.M., as lightly clad as possible. I had no time to lose, as it was absolutely necessary to come down before dusk, on account of the danger of being benighted.

A walk of about two miles from the town brings one to the foot of the mountain. A sort of paved road winds up by the side of a torrent of fresh water, which rushes from rock to rock, and at this time of the year but partly fills its bed, which, in the rainy season, must form a magnificent cataract, more than a thousand feet high. In this water all the washing of Cape Town is done, by a motley assemblage of Malays, Negresses, Hottentots, Caffrarians, &c., some with a rather scanty amount of clothing.

Having soaked the linen in water, they rub soap all over it, and then beat it repeatedly against the flat surface of the

rocks and stones, worn smooth by constant use, and the continued rushing of the water over them. This apparently rough usage is said not to wear out the linen, and I found all mine uncommonly carefully washed.

In some parts of France clothes are washed by the river-side in a somewhat similar way, only using wood instead of stones and granite rocks. Having washed each article in the torrent, they spread it out on the grass, where it is retained by a large stone placed upon each corner, and then with a buffalo's horn they throw fresh water upon it, like skeeting sails to windward.

All the women sing and laugh, or talk to passers by in low Dutch, Malay, or broken English, and compound dialects, one as unintelligible as the other to me, but I understood from Solomon, who seemed at home with them all, that their observations amounted to deciding positively that I should not be able to reach the summit, as I had started too late.

Solomon was also of this opinion, and it

suited his interest, which caused some high words between us, as I was determined to go to the top, and had made up my mind to do nothing less.

This primitive style of washing lasts for about a mile, and is the most picturesque part of it. Here the water turns a corn-mill, and above that it remains limpid, not being interfered with in its course.

The vegetation on each side is similar to the other environs of Cape Town, consisting of several small shrubs, Hottentot figs, and a round green fruit as large as a plum, which I gathered, and asked the guide whether it was good to eat. The only explanation I could obtain from him was "Massa eat, massa dead." I found on my return that it is a violent poison, and emetic at a proper dose, for which purpose it is used medically by the negroes. Eight years ago the negroes were slaves, but, since the Act, are now all free. They are well behaved, industrious, and much improved by emancipation.

Beyond the mill, the ascent becomes more

difficult, and new features occur; following the torrent the excursion may be divided into three parts, the first of which I have spoken of, ending at the mill. Now begins a tortuous course amongst rocks and loose stones, intermixed occasionally with deep sand and a strong sort of grass, very dry and slippery to tread on, but useful to catch hold of by handsfull to pull yourself up, and so strong that it can be depended on.

Thorns, bushes, and small trees, here impede your progress, requiring force to wade through them. Every now and then you fall in suddenly with the torrent, rushing over immense rocks. Sometimes you have to cross it, which requires caution as you leap from stone to stone not to make a *faux pas*. The water is like crystal and delightful to drink, which from the heat of the sun, I stopped to do often.

About this part a few flowers and plants presented themselves; but, generally speaking the botanist would not find much variety to interest him. As we ascend, we lose sight

of the torrent, and enter a well-defined ravine about fifty yards wide. It is a complete fissure in the solid rock, which seems to have been produced by some convulsion of nature, and extends from this part to the extreme summit of the mountain, gradually getting narrower towards the top.

The temperature here was delightful, being completely hidden from the sun, and the change in the thermometer could not have been less than thirty degrees. On each side the rock is perfectly perpendicular, for at least 2,000 feet. The different strata in it are so well marked and equi-distant that they give it the appearance of an old castle wall, similar to those I observed at Simon's Bay, but on a more gigantic scale.

This part is extremely dangerous, as a false step, or a stone giving way under your foot, would send you rolling down the chasm, and dash you to pieces against the sharp points of projecting rocks. By picking the path with great care, it is however, to be accomplished with a few slips and

bruises, one of which on the leg was rather more than I relished, and caused me to rest before I could continue to move on.

I observed two large locusts, which with a beetle and a few small birds were the only signs of animal life I fell in with, although Solomon told me that snakes, scorpions, tarantulas, lizards and land-tortoises were very commonly seen, and that on the top and back part of the mountain, the wolf, jackall, hyena, and tiger are occasionally met with, but do not often venture near the parts frequented by man.

The south-easterly wind which comes on so suddenly and with such immense force, causes the phenomenon, so well known by the name of the "Devil's table-cloth," as it is seen from Table Bay, and is a dense white fleecy cloud, overhanging the top of the mountain, which it completely hides. This is accompanied with those tremendous gusts of wind that drive vessels from their anchors in the bay, and would prove fatal to any person attempting to ascend after it had

once begun, or in fact to retrograde, which would be equally dangerous.

The afternoon is generally the time when this change occurs, and my guide, wishing to shorten our journey, began to frighten me with threats of the dreaded "south-easter," insisting upon our returning at once, as later it would be impossible. I was not to be easily intimidated, and Solomon, finding he could not bring about a retreat, said that the only way left was to hurry up with all our might, which his threats caused me to do with fresh courage.

This brought us to the upper third, and by far the most difficult part of the ascent. Here was the heaping of "Pelion on Ossa." Immense square and oblong pieces of granite rock, entirely detached from each other, some weighing one hundred tons, lying pell-mell at all sorts of angles, some forming a sort of cave, others an irregular bridge, and each requiring a separate survey before attempting to scale it.

The front of the mountain now appears

close to you, as straight as a wall, and I was constantly deceived as to my distance from the top, which I appeared to be rapidly nearing. After climbing for half-an-hour, I seemed to be just as far from it as ever. This was rather discouraging, but I was soon stimulated to fresh exertions by Solomon's repeated attacks of "Massa no go top. South-easter coming. Debble spread tablecloth, Massa killed;" at the same time relating how two months ago a gentleman resident in Cape Town fell over the precipice, was killed, and no remains were found.

Many of these monoliths have painted on them in large letters the names of different adventurers, with the date of their performing the ascent, many years past. At length, after a most desperate struggle over a continuous chain of these detached rocks, we came to a less rugged part, and in a few minutes attained the summit of the celebrated "Table Mountain." This first part is a sort of basin, or crater, several hundred yards in diameter, emerging from which one



suddenly steps upon the real table land, and never was name better applied, for, as far as the eye can reach, in every direction it is one perfect mass of flat, gray, compact rock, presenting very much the appearance of a broad asphalté pavement. Several cavities, however, are filled with water, from whence a few plants draw their nourishment. Not having much time to spare, I did not fall in with any water. One singular feature on this part of the mountain is the occurrence, at frequent intervals, of a quantity of small milk-white pebbles, very much like hail-stones, lying in regular order upon the flat surface. I broke off a large piece from the main rock, which outside is of a dark grey, but internally of a light red. The mountain is composed generally of sandstone resting on a base of granite. Having emptied the basket of provisions, I filled it with specimens of geology, and the difference in the specific gravity of its contents now proved a great nuisance to the guide, who did not

appear to set much value on the new load I had chosen.

I approached to within two feet of the brink of the precipice along the northern front of Table Mountain which overlooks Cape Town, and rises almost perpendicularly, like the ruins of some gigantic fortress, until it terminates in a line, nearly horizontal, and of about two miles in extent, the highest point of which is 3,580 feet above Table Bay. The west side of this stupendous mass of rock, extending along the sea shore, is rent into hollows, and worn away into pyramidal masses. The two wings of the front, namely the "Devil's Hill," and the "Lion's Head," make, with the "Table," but one mountain; for, though the summits have been separated, they are united to a considerable elevation above the plain. The "Devil's Hill," 3,310 feet high, is broken into irregular points. The upper part of the "Lion's Head," 2,170 feet high, resembles a dome placed on a high conical hill.

To the southward, Table Mountain descends in terraces which communicate with the chain that extends the whole length of the peninsula. The view from the summit is very wide and picturesque: it extends over the ocean to seventy miles. The bay seems a small pond, and the ships in it dwindle into little boats, amongst which I could easily distinguish the "Herefordshire," *facilis princeps*, quietly riding at anchor, without a ripple on the water.

The town under our feet, and the regular compartments of its gardens, resolve into mere specks and lines. Robben Island in the distance, appears like a small patch of dry sand; this place abounds in rabbits, and was once a penal settlement; it is now used as a lazaretto for all the cases of elephantiasis, or leprosy as it is here called, that occur in the colony, under the impression amongst the population that the disease is contagious.

Returning to the crater-like spot, I prepared for dinner, and selected one large flat

rock, which from the number of names carved and painted on it, and the *debris* of old Champagne bottles all around, pointed itself out as the favourite bivouac of picnic parties. The temperature here is about 15° below that of the base; in winter, ice is occasionally met with. Having now spent about an hour upon this interesting spot, Solomon sounded the retreat, which this time agreed with my wishes. Refreshed by the cool air and rest I had taken, I found the descent comparatively easy. The greatest danger to be apprehended is from treading on rolling stones. The grass is so thick, that it was more convenient to slide down over it from ridge to ridge.

About one-third of the way down, we came to a part where the bed of the torrent is worn exactly like a staircase of red granite, about eighty feet high and almost perpendicular, and thirty feet broad, over which the water glides like a sheet of crystal; a little lower down is a continuation of the same bed, but perfectly flat, and worn like

asphalte. This extends a great way down ; to walk on it is impossible, it is so smooth that sliding down on all fours is very easy. It is about one hundred feet in height, and forty in breadth. In winter, when the torrent is swollen by rain, it must form a most magnificent cascade. A little further on is a cave in the rocks, with a small entrance, large enough to hold a dozen people; several others less perfect are met with in different parts. Having reached the mill, we soon got back into the town, and arrived in the Heerengracht by half-past seven, having thus completed the trip in less than seven hours, to the great delight of Solomon, whose character as a guide gained by accomplishing what was considered at first almost impossible to effect in so short a time.

Having ascended Table Mountain in Van Diemen's Land in 1841, when Sir John Franklin was Governor of that colony, I was particularly desirous of exploring its fellow, the original one, the difficulties of which are slight when compared with the former, as will be seen in the following chapter.

## CHAPTER IV.

**A Digression—The Author's visit to Mount Wellington, or Table Mountain, in Van Diemen's Land—Its Resemblance to Table Mountain at the Cape—Danger of ascending Mount Wellington without a Guide—A Fatal Instance of this—Lady Franklin's ascent of the Mountain—Perilous Situation of a Party—Preparations for the Journey—A Forest, or Bush—Impediments—Kangaroos—Variety of Birds—Native Cherry Tree—Increasing Difficulties—Force of Hurricanes—Second Ridge of Basalt—Cold Atmosphere—Resting Place for the Night—A Snow Storm—Succeeded by a Thick Fog—Summit of the Mountain described—Magnificent View—Dangerous Descent—A Natural Shower Bath—Beautiful Birds—Return to Hobart Town—Information communicated by Lady Franklin—A Magnificent Cataract.**

As few persons, I should conceive, are familiar with the features of Table Mountain at the Cape, and the one of the same name in Van Diemen's Land, which are so similar in many points of view, I trust that an account of my former ascent, in juxta-

position with this latter, will not be deemed unacceptable to my readers.

Mount Wellington, frequently called Table Mountain, from its resemblance to Table Mountain, Cape of Good Hope, is the great lion of attraction to all visitors to the capital of Tasmania. It rears its stupendous head directly behind Hobart Town, being about four miles distant from the city, which it appears actually to overhang, and to be within immediate reach of it. It is to the inhabitants an excellent barometer, for, when the weather is fine, the margin of the summit is perfectly distinct to the naked eye; but, at other times, it is either partly or totally lost sight of in the clouds. Nobody ever undertakes a walk, or excursion into the country, without first observing the appearance of the mountain.

Mount Wellington is of an oblong quadrilateral form. The sides are very precipitous and in many parts quite perpendicular, being composed of regular basaltic pillars, resembling, at a distance, the Giant's Cause-

way, in Ireland. The extreme height is 4,300 feet above the level of the sea, and the summit is covered with snow eight or nine months in the year. As its name implies, it is quite flat at the top, forming a plain of several miles in extent.

It is very unsafe to attempt to ascend it without a guide, many persons having perished by losing their way. A melancholy instance occurred about three months before I arrived; the surgeon and first lieutenant of the "Sea Horse," undertook the ascent without a guide, lost their way; and, being unprovided with a compass to direct them, their provisions became exhausted, and they parted company. The surgeon was never heard of again, and his companion was found some days afterwards in a dying state, by parties sent out in search of them. He was brought home, and recovered with great difficulty. Not long before, Lady Franklin attempted the ascent with a strong party of guides and attendants, with other facilities that few could command, and succeeded



without accident. But, a few days afterwards, a party of ladies and gentlemen undertook the same feat, and nearly perished in the attempt. They lost their way, and the Governor, suspecting some mishap, despatched troops from the town in all directions, with bugles, who fell in with, and succeeded in rescuing them from their perilous situation.

Aware of the dangers attending the enterprise, I had fully made up my mind to undertake it, and guard against them by proper precautions. Having been kindly offered by the ex-sheriff, Mr. Beaumont, the services of his servant as guide, we started, three in all, Mr. Beaumont, junior, the servant, and myself, at noon, expecting to reach the top before dark. We were equipped with fowling-pieces, a telescope, a pocket compass (most indispensable), a tin kettle, a few kitchen utensils, and provisions for two days, consisting of ham and veal, bread, coffee, *eau de vie*, &c. Our clothing was light, the heat being excessive ; but we

had reason afterwards on reaching a different temperature to repent of not being more warmly clad. The first part of our journey was easy enough, there being a broad foot-path, through a partially cleared forest for about three miles, on leaving which the steepness increased considerably, and we arrived at the intricate part of our route.

The track lay along a ridge, on each side of which were deep gullies, covered with tall sassafras trees, and so thickly studded that the eye could scarcely penetrate them. It is here that there is the most danger of losing one's self, because it is impossible to know in which direction to turn to get to Hobart Town.

We pushed on for about two miles, through an almost impenetrable forest, here called *bush*, consisting of gum, peppermint, oak, wattle and sassafras trees, most of them of great height, many reaching from one hundred to one hundred and fifty feet. Our march became much impeded by a stubborn species of grass, breast-high, rendered still

more *interesting*, by our guide informing us that it abounded with snakes, which in this country are extremely venomous.

In traversing the bush, we turned out two kangaroos, so unexpectedly, that, before we could get our guns ready, they were out of sight. Lizards and guanas were very numerous, and we picked up a scorpion. We saw innumerable flights of parrots, parroquets, and many magpies, laughing jackasses, white cockatoos, and a few black ones. These last are very difficult to approach, and it is said that a nest has never been known to be taken, as they build upon the tops of the loftiest trees, in the most savage and inaccessible parts.

We collected numerous specimens of plants peculiar to this mountain, and saw, for the first time, the native cherry-tree, which is more remarkable for its stone growing outside the fruit, than for any other pretensions to be classed with the European fruit after which it takes its

name. We at last emerged from the *bush*, and then perceived plainly that our labours had not yet begun, although we were already pretty well knocked up, and were much distressed from the want of water to drink, not having inadvertently brought any with us.

The mountain now presented an irregular basaltic appearance. The stones, instead of following any sort of order, were heaped pell-mell upon each other. They were all nearly square, and each one, detached from the rest, several tons in weight. We had to clamber from one to the other, and cling to each as for our lives. The least *faux-pas*, would have sent us rolling headlong several hundred feet beneath, to be dashed to pieces against the sharp edges of the rocks. It is at this part that many who undertake the ascent, give it up, thinking it becomes beyond a joke. Here we felt that our baggage was a great encumbrance, and, before we had half got through our task, our boots and clothes were all in

tatters. At last, we reached the top of this basaltic portion of the mountain, and entered again into the same kind of bush as that we had left behind, with the exception, that our passage was obstructed by quantities of large trees, torn up by the roots, and lying prostrate in all directions.

Such is the force of the hurricanes from off the mountain, that the roots of some of the trees torn up were twenty feet deep, and formed with the earth adhering to them, a perfect mound, leaving by the side a pit of the same depth, which they had once occupied. We had now accomplished three parts of our task ; it was getting dark, *nox incubit atra*, and, but for the cheering hope of soon obtaining water, and bivouacking round a good fire, that kept up our spirits, and renovated our energies, we could not have completed it. Our physical strength was quite exhausted ; and, had we not been tantalized by the spring which our guide promised to find on the summit, it we could only muster up courage to reach

it before dark, we would not have stirred another inch.

We came now to a second ridge of basalt, but not so steep, nor closely heaped together as the former, so that it was comparatively easy. At this height, a very great change had taken place in the temperature, and we clearly felt that we were entering a more rarified atmosphere; the cool air was rather favourable to our depressed condition, and enabled us to hasten our pace. At last, we saw before us the clear and well defined margin of the summit, and attained it at eight, P.M., having been seven hours performing the ascent. The cold here became very intense, and our great solicitude was about finding the spring, which to me appeared impossible, as it is not bigger than a hand basin. Our guide did not despair, having often been there before. However, after many fruitless attempts, he began to doubt, but at last, when on the point of giving it up, we had the good luck to fall in with it.

Our joy may be easily imagined, when it

is considered that we had drunk one bottle of brandy out of sheer necessity, only to wet our parched lips, which had the effect of rendering us still worse, by adding fuel to the flame, and for years after I had an antipathy to that spirit, which originated entirely from this circumstance. Having filled our kettle and bottles, we proceeded in search of a favourable place to pass the night. The proper way is to descend a few hundred yards down the side of the mountain, where the cold is less severe, but the darkness rendered this step dangerous to undertake, and we were compelled to remain on the top. At last, we found three large square rocks, forming a partial enclosure. Having collected a large quantity of firewood for the night, we lighted an immense bonfire, and set about cooking the provisions.

The novelty of our position, and the pleasure of having accomplished successfully this perilous undertaking, soon revived our spirits, and I think I never sate down to a

heartier or more acceptable repast, than when squatting round the fire, in the dead of the night, on the summit of Table Mountain, at the furthest extremity of the globe. The wind began to howl most fiercely, and a snow storm was coming on fast. There was no alternative—there we must sleep that night, on the bare rock, in our light clothing, and the thermometer at 32°. We all three laid ourselves down, and soon fell into a most profound sleep. Our guide got up in the middle of the night to rake up the fire, which was nearly extinguished by the snow. About four in the morning I awoke, and found myself literally imbedded in the snow, which had fallen all night. We shook ourselves clear of it, and made preparations for breakfast, for which we had to return to the spring, distant nearly two miles from our resting-place. The fog was so thick, that we were afraid of not being able to find out our fire and baggage, which we had great difficulty in regaining. The fog began to clear



away, and standing at the verge of the precipice, the clouds rolled beautifully beneath us, and quite interrupted our view of anything in the distance. We found the top of the mountain a perfectly level plain as far as the eye could reach, and covered all over with immense square and oblong stones, similar to those before spoken of, each one lying separate, and some curiously resting on one point only, so that persons can, by pushing them, cause them to shake a little.

The soil is of a marshy nature, and from being frequently covered with water by the rains, or melting snow, gave rise to the idea that the summit of the mountain formed a vast lake, which of course was quite erroneous. The spring before alluded to, runs down the side, towards the village of Newtown, and in its course to Hobart Town turns several mills. In the rainy season, it becomes a powerful torrent, but in summer it is comparatively trifling. Owing to the hazy weather, we were prevented from having a chance of opossum-shooting, which

was our intention, these animals being generally met with by moonlight, just before day-break.

We did not see any; the emu, a bird something like the ostrich, and common to the Australasian islands, is also met with here, but not so much so since the increase of civilization has driven it further back into the bush. There is not much to fear from bush-rangers, who prefer the lowlands, and the vicinity of farms, but they have occasionally been seen in these parts. As the sun rose, the clouds began to disperse, and we soon had a beautifully clear horizon.

The view then became truly magnificent. In front, at our feet lay Hobart Town, and its picturesque environs, Sullivan's Cove, covered with shipping, and the wide meandering Derwent, losing itself in the distance. On the left, New Norfolk, a town twenty miles off, was easily discernible. On the right, the view extended along D'Entrecasteaux's Channel, as far as Storm Bay, which opens into the great Southern

Ocean. Iron Pot Lighthouse, at the mouth of the Derwent, was seen distinctly, and having once had a narrow escape of being wrecked on its rocky shore, it was a spot I looked upon with more than ordinary interest.

The country inland, as far as the view extends, presented a continuation of lofty mountains, covered to the very summits with impenetrable forests of evergreen trees, of great height, a description of scenery peculiar to Van Diemen's Land. The Peak of Teneriffe, fifty miles distant, was the farthest point visible with the glass. It is about four thousand feet high. After having feasted our eyes on the beauty of this grand and majestic scenery, that well repaid us for all our toils, we again lighted our fire, and made a substantial breakfast, previously to undertaking the descent. This was not by any means so fatiguing; but, owing to the rain that had fallen, the ground was very slippery, and our course was not unattended with danger.

About midway down, I was seized with a severe illness, brought on by sleeping all night in the snow, and felt unable to proceed any farther. At the same time the rain fell in torrents, rendering my position anything but pleasant. We found a large hollow tree, capable of containing twenty people, and got inside for shelter. Having been subjected to this natural shower-bath for a couple of hours, which approached very much to the *water cure*, I had so far recovered, as to be able to resume the downward course, the fear of being left behind, having also a little salutary influence upon the system. Nothing remarkable happened during the latter part of the descent, which became gradually easier.

We shot several small birds with handsome plumage, and saw many eagles and black cockatoos, but they were too wild, and in fact we had not strength enough left to trouble ourselves much about them, if we had had the inclination. Our boots, too, were falling off our feet, and our clothes were in a

most miserable plight: so that, when we arrived, towards dusk, in Hobart Town, people could pretty well guess as we passed along, from what excursion we were returning.

After a bath, fresh outfit, and supper, I went on board, where all were anxiously expecting me, and some had already voted us "*lost*." Having given my friends a brief account of the "*Quæ que ipse miserrima vidi . . . et pars magna fui*," I "*turned in*," and slept for the next twenty-four hours without intermission. Although, at the time, I said that going up to the top of Mount Wellington once in a man's life was quite sufficient, I soon forgot the past, and was ready to make another trip, before my departure from the island; but my friends not being quite so eager, and the time for our sailing drawing near, I was compelled to give it up.

Since these pages were written, I have been informed by Lady Franklin that three or four years ago a magnificent cataract was accidentally discovered by a gentleman on

the southern side of the mountain which had never before been known to exist. There are two falls, one of thirty feet, and a second of one hundred and sixty, in one continuous sheet. These waters are now found to be connected with Brown's River, which takes its source on that part of the mountain, and empties itself into D'Entrecasteaux's Channel. This cataract will be now a powerful inducement for the Tasmanian traveller to face the difficulties I have attempted to describe, and, as I have heard from a gentleman who has seen it, will repay him well for his trouble.

## CHAPTER V.

The Author departs from Cape Town for India—Picturesque Scene—The “Devonshire”—Roben Island—Cape Agulhas—Barren appearance of the Coast—Island of Madagascar—Water Spouts—Two large Sharks—Old Wife and Leather Jacket—The North-East Monsoon—Delightful Odours, on approaching Ceylon—Gulf of Manar—Cape Comorin—A small Owl—The Dying Dolphin—The Ghaut Mountains—Wild Animals—The Malabar Coast—Voyage to Bombay—The Pattamar, a sort of Felucca—Hill Fire—Cocoa Nut Trees—Town of Aleppée—City of Cochin—Useful Elephants—Sea Snakes—Capture of one—Its bite fatal—View of Calicut—Tellicherry—Beautiful sun-set—Mount Hyder and Mangalore—Arrival at Bombay.

HAVING stayed a week at the Cape, the order was given early the next morning to *heave short*, and in a couple of hours we took our departure for India. The wind was light, the sky clear, and, as we stood out of Table Bay, the sun shining upon the bold

iron-bound coast of South Africa formed a most singularly interesting and picturesque scene. The "Devonshire" soon followed our example, and our captain, thinking we might keep company with her, backed the main yard to give her time to come up, and when she was fairly under weigh, fired a parting gun, filled the main yard, and proceeded on our course. We tacked off Roben Island, said to be intended as a state-prison for Smith O'Brien, which the inhabitants of the Cape being very much opposed to, the home government afterwards did not persist in their intention.

The "Devonshire" fell off to leeward. We burned blue lights, and carried a light during the night at the mizen-peak to shew her the way, but the next morning she was "*hull down*," and soon lost sight of. A smart breeze dead aft sent us round Cape Agulhas, at the rate of ten knots an hour, the muddy green appearance of the water indicating soundings on the bank. We passed within view of the real headland, pro-



perly called the Cape of Good Hope, which is not seen when going into Table Bay from the westward, and frequently not by those who double the Cape, as they often stand too far south when outward-bound to have a view of it.

The coast all along presents the same barren and mountainous appearance, with occasional large tracts of sand. Running to the eastward, we get a warm breeze out of the Mozambique Channel, and soon find ourselves abreast of Madagascar. On account of the monsoon being against us, we shall have to make much more easting before altering our course to the northward. Several waterspouts were seen not far from the ship. They are said to be attended with danger when too near, and firing a gun at them is considered the safest way of dispersing them.

Whales are often met with, and one morning we were amused by two large sharks following us for several hours. The usual bait was thrown over to them, and they re-

peatedly came up and touched it, but would not make a bite. At last, a sailor struck one of them with a harpoon, from which it tore away and both of them suddenly disappeared. They were of the grey species, and about ten feet long.

We are soon about to cross the Equator again, but no notice is taken of it after the first time. A species of fish I had never met with before, called by the several names of "Old Wife," "Leather Jacket," or "Parrot fish," were seen in numbers around us; one was caught with the grains. It is rather less than the boneta, of nearly the same colour; and, when skinned, is not bad eating. The mouth of this fish is remarkably small for its size, and will hardly admit the little finger.

After a series of calms and baffling winds, we fell in with the north-east monsoon, which being against us impedes our progress towards the north. At length on the morning of the 25th January, we found ourselves approaching the island of Ceylon, the smell

of the land being very distinct, and the land-breeze coming from it imbued the air with an odour of new-mown hay and wall-flowers, which nobody could mistake. I have before observed the same thing at a much greater distance on the coast of the Brazils, during the prevalence of the land-wind. A strong breeze out of the gulf of Manar, which separates Ceylon from the mainland of India, sent us along *close hauled*, at the rate of ten knots an hour, the Captain heaving the log three times himself before he could believe it.

Passing Cape Comorin, the high land of the Malabar coast was visible, distant eighty miles. The next day, Anjenga Peak, a high point in the Ghaut Mountains, was distinctly seen, sixty miles off.

A small owl was caught in the rigging when we were twenty miles from the land, which it must have left in the morning, being very much fatigued; it was put into a cage, but died. A dolphin was struck from the dolphin-striker, and brought on deck, when I saw, for the first time, the beautiful

phenomenon of the dying dolphin changing his colours from gold to dark and light blue, green, white, and blue spots, with a variety of other tints, succeeding each other with great rapidity. This fish is very good eating, but is said sometimes to cause awkward symptoms, such as muscles occasionally produce.

The "Ghauts" are a range of mountains extending from the ninth to the twenty-second degree of north latitude, from Cape Comorin to Surat. Ghaut, means "pass," or "descents" from elevated table-land above to low tracts of Canara, Malabar, and the Concan on the west side, and less abruptly on the east. The grand component part of these mountains is a granite, consisting of white felspar and quartz. Their distance from the coast varies from twenty to sixty miles; their height from 5,000 to 6,000 feet.

There is a remarkable "pass" opposite Cochin, forming a gap sixteen miles in extent, out of which at sea you may generally expect a strong puff of wind.

These mountains are the abode of numerous troops of elephants; buffaloes, wild hogs and deer, tigers, baboons, bears, and a host of other animals, abound in them.

The navigation of the whole of the Malabar coast, from Cape Comorin to Bombay, is performed at this time of the year by the help of the daily land and sea-breeze, the land-breeze coming off at night and lasting until the morning, when, after a few hours calm, the sea-breeze sets in until the evening, so that one is never out of sight of land, and frequently within three or four miles of the beach.

This coasting renders the latter part of the voyage to Bombay much more interesting than when bound to the other Presidencies. But, during the south-west monsoon, which blows with great fury on this coast, ships try and give it a wide berth, it being extremely dangerous for several months.

When ships are standing in near the shore, native boats bring off supplies of fruit, vegetables, poultry, also birds, mon-

keys, and articles of curiosity. The pattamar, a sort of felucca-rigged vessel, peculiar to the Malabar coast, is constantly met with in all directions; it has two or three masts, that rake forwards, the foremast raking over the stem. The rudder apparatus is very primitive and unsightly, rather *à-la* "Chinese Junk." These vessels vary from thirty to one hundred and fifty tons. In the Indian navy there are several pattamars, manned and armed as light vessels of war, well adapted for river, or coasting service.

At night, we had Quilon light-house, in view, and large fires, lighted on the hills, were seen in different directions. These are connected with the religious ceremonies and fêtes of the natives. We discerned them during several other nights, as we proceeded along the coast.

27th December. This morning a smart puff of wind out of the great gap in the Ghauts allowed us to stand in much nearer to the shore, which was lined as far as the eye

could reach, with lofty cocoa-nut trees, which are very abundant and valuable in this country, and form a very pretty landscape.

The town of Aleppee, belonging to the Rajah of Travancore, is in sight, with three large ships at anchor in the roads. The water is very smooth, and of a dull green colour, like the river about the Nore, and has not the cheerful appearance of the blue ocean we have lately traversed.

We soon approach Cochin, the capital of the dominions of the Rajah of Cochin, famous for the fine ships of 600 to 1000 tons, built there for the Bombay merchants, of the teak, for forests of which the Malabar coast is so celebrated. Several vessels were at anchor before the town. Here, in the Dockyard, elephants are taught to carry timber, and pile it up as square as if arranged by men.

Off the entrance of the Paniani River, the deep sea-lead was hove, and gave twenty fathoms. The hand lead was kept going

in the main chains, until it gave nine fathoms, when we tacked, and stood off shore. During the night, fires were seen along the coast.

28th. A singular feature in the navigation of these parts, is the immense number of sea-snakes, constantly floating on the surface of the water, some coiled up asleep. They are of a dull yellow colour, speckled with black, varying from four to six feet in length; hundreds are passed every day, but we could not catch one. This morning, however, one was found, entangled with a dolphin-hook, against which it had drifted, and was brought to me in a bucket alive. It appeared very ferocious, biting at everything in its way. Having killed it, I found the poison-fangs very distinctly; it measured about four feet, and its tail ended vertically, like that of a fish. The head was flattened, and the livid colouring indicated its being venomous.

The bite of these snakes is quickly



fatal, as was proved by the case of the surgeon of the "Algerine," brig of war, who was bit by one he had caught in Madras Roads, and died two hours after. Major R——, returning from India, died shortly after being bitten by one that had been caught. With these warnings before me, I was rather pleased to find my specimen inside of a wide-mouthed spirit bottle. On the coast of Java, I am told they are often from eight to twelve feet in length. I very nearly took one in the Straits of Malacca, about six feet long, beautifully checquered with black and white; and, whilst at anchor off Malacca, a smaller one coiled itself around the chain, and was not many feet from the hawse hole, through which it could have easily entered the ship, as I had before heard they sometimes do.

Calicut is now in sight; once a place of great commercial importance, but at present of little consequence. It gives the name to the cloth called calico, which was originally manufactured here.

At noon, we pass Tellicherry, and Sacrifice Rock, four miles from the main land. Canannore is now distinctly seen, with its rows of bungalows, pleasantly situated along the shores, all painted green and white. When abreast of the flag-staff, we hoisted our number at the gaff-end. Mount Delli, covered with thick jungle, is distant five miles, and we can hear the surf beating against the shore.

The Ghauts hereabouts appear to be very high, and are much nearer to the sea. A "Grab" brig, a country vessel with the hull of a pattamar, and square yards like a brig's, is standing down the coast: native boats of all sizes and rigs are sailing in different directions. The sunset on the Malabar coast is one of the most beautiful spectacles imaginable. The bright golden sky, with a variety of other colours of the richest hue, the calm sea, the gentle breeze, and splendid mountain-scenery in the distance, render it far superior to anything I have ever seen in the tropics. Every night it seemed to

improve in beauty over the preceding one. The impression it made upon me will never be effaced from my mind.

29th January. Mount Hyder and Mangalore in sight at noon ; St Mary's rocks in the evening. Cuttle-fish are very numerous, and a small whale was spouting a short distance ahead. The next day, we passed Onore, a place of some importance, and Pigeon Island. We shall soon leave behind us the provinces of Malabar and Canara, along which we have been sailing from Cape Comorin to the present time, the third division being called the Concan, in which is situated Bombay.

The principal productions of these provinces, consisting of teak-wood, rice, pepper, ebony, elephants' teeth, deer-horns, buffalo-horns, &c., are exported from Cochin, Aleppce, and other ports on the coast. Coir-rope, made from the cocoa-nut, is also a staple article of commerce, the "sea-loving" cocoa-nut-tree being peculiar to Canara.

31st January. Ramas head, the limit of the

Portuguese settlement of Goa was in sight, and soon after we passed the city, once the most magnificent in India, the residence of the Viceroy, and seat of government. It was captured, in 1510, by Albuquerque, and is famous as the spot where Vasco de Gama died and Camoens sang, and suffered. It has now fallen into decay, but is very well worth visiting—the city abounding in ruins of fine cathedrals, palaces, monasteries, and other remains of the once powerful Portuguese dominion in India.

Tacking near in shore off Carwar head, we came close under the stern of a country ship, manned with Lascars, and could hear the Serang giving orders in the native language.

1st February. We are now abreast of Rajapour fort, where a high white pagoda may be seen from the deck, and False Geriah, where a large banyan-tree, spoken of so early as the year 1700, is discerned on a hill near the sea. Geriah, once the stronghold of the piratical prince, Tullagee Angria, so dreaded

on this coast, was stormed and taken by Colonel Clive and Admiral Watson, who set fire to his fleet, and captured great treasure.

4th February. Off Angenweil River. Tacked three miles from the Island of Severndroog, once celebrated as the nest of fierce Mahratta pirates, now a quiet Hindoo town. A turtle floated by, but could not be caught, as we were going too fast.

5th February. This morning a fair wind sprang up, and we overtook two large ships, the "Sobraon" and the "Lowjee family," both for Bombay. The latter was seventy years old, showing the durability of teak. She was a sort of "Nestor" amongst India shipping, and has since been entirely burned in Bombay harbour, when on the point of sailing for Calcutta. Most probably she was set fire to intentionally by her Lascar crew, who, receiving several months pay in advance, are gainers by the loss of the ship before she sails, being paid for services they are thus no longer required for, and free to join any other vessel.

This is about the twelfth large East India-man burned in Bombay harbour in as many years, under similar or other suspicious circumstances.

An Arab "Dow," a different rig from the pattamar, and much larger, is close to us. Some of these vessels are five or six hundred tons burden, and under the orders of nacodas, or native captains, who occasionally are found in command of fine square-rigged Arab ships in these parts.

The bold shores of the Bancoot River, Rajapour, and Choul harbour, are, on our bow. The hills are high and covered with thick jungle, but we have lost sight of the "Ghauts," which recede here much farther from the coast. Very few sea-snakes are now met with. They have become *rara angues*. Several eagles are soaring over head, many ships are around in the distance, and the shores are lined with innumerable native craft, all indicating a near termination to our voyage.

6th February. We are this morning in

sight of our destination, and soon discern the lighthouse, fort, and shipping. The approach to Bombay is very picturesque. The harbour is studded with different islands, which, covered with jungles and high hills, are discernible in the distance, giving it the appearance of a large lake. The city is not seen with advantage from the water. Having passed the floating light and fishing stakes, which only leave a narrow passage for ships between them, we are telegraphed at the lighthouse, and quickly boarded by a pilot, in a fine large boat with two large latteen sails and a dozen native rowers.

Sailing up the outer harbour, called the "middle ground," we anchored about half a mile from the shore, right abreast of the "Meanee," of eighty guns, just launched from the Parsee builders' dockyard. A fleet of boats soon surrounded us, most of them carrying muslin-clad Parsees, whose white and stainless dress formed a marked contrast to the dark skins of the naked boatmen.

In a few minutes, the decks were crowded with Parsees, Hindoos, and Musselmen, soliciting employment on board, in their different capacities of dubash, dhobie, tailor, shoemaker, bumboat-man, or dinghy-wallah, as ships generally engage a native dinghy all the time they remain here, to save exposing their own men to the sun in the day time, and to the chances of getting grog on shore at night.



## CHAPTER VI.

Situation of the Capital of Western India—Some account of the Island—Mixed Inhabitants—The two Towns—Streets and Houses—Shops and Shopkeepers—Palanquin-Bearers—Cabs and Cab Drivers—Native Merchants—The European Inhabitants—Their Style of Living—Duties of Servants—The Punkah, or large Fan—Dress and Dinner—Exposure to the Sun—Time for Riding out—Mosquitoes and Mosquito Curtains—Provisions in Bombay—Difference of Caste in India—Bungalows—Tents on the Esplanade.

BOMBAY, the capital of Western India, is situated on the island of Bombay, about twenty-one miles in circumference, and derives its name from *Buon Bahia*, good harbour, in Portuguese, the Portuguese having been the first European settlers. It is equalled by few in the world for security and picturesque scenery. The fortifications are very strong but too extensive, and require a very large garrison.

The Island of Bombay was ceded to the English in 1662, as a marriage portion of the Infanta Catharine of Portugal, on her union with Charles the Second, who, not finding it so profitable an acquisition as he expected, made a grant of it to the East India Company, in 1668. In the same year it was invaded by a general of the emperor Aurungzebe.

In 1692 and 1702, it was visited by the plague, and three years were then the average duration of human life. It is now one of the healthiest spots in British India, and the resort of invalids from the other Presidencies. In 1700, it was made the capital of Western India, the seat of government being removed thither from Surat.

Under the Portuguese, the population was 10,000. In 1763, the inhabitants had increased to 150,000; and, during the last census, taken in 1849, whilst I was staying there, they amounted to 524,121, of whom 275,190 were males, and 248,931 females, comprising Europeans, native Portuguese, Christians, Hindoos, Mahometans, Parsees,

a few Armenians and Jews, the Hindoos being by far the most numerous.

Bombay consists of two separate towns; one within the limits of the fort, and the other, styled the Native Town, situated on the farthest extremity of a fine plain, about a mile broad, called the esplanade, which separates the two. The streets in the fort are narrow, and have no resemblance to those in an European town, the houses having generally no windows. Their fronts are ornamented with carved woodwork, painted in lively colours.

As in all eastern towns, the shops are raised a few feet from the ground, with their entire fronts open. In the corner sit the shopmen cross-legged on carpets, most of them speaking English just sufficient to get on pretty well with their customers. The better sort of shops are kept by Parsees, who stand behind the counter, and conduct the business more *à l'Anglaise*. These generally speak very good English, in which they take great pride.

Sales in public auction-rooms, of all sorts

of English articles, are held almost daily. Large quantities of jewellery and precious stones are disposed of in this way. Horses, carriages, &c., are sold every Saturday in the principal street, which presents a curious assemblage of turbaned copers and horse-jockeys. No English gentleman is ever seen walking in the streets in the day-time.

Residents keep a palanquin with four bearers, who, when not wanted, are always to be found lying down before the house, where the palanquin is also placed. At every important thoroughfare, and near most of the public buildings, palanquins are waiting to be hired. The charges are very moderate, two shillings and sixpence from sunrise to sunset; and, for a short distance, sixpence.

The fares are regulated by the police, as also are the cabs, and dinghys. But, unless you agree beforehand with the bearers, you cannot well satisfy them with the proper fares. They invariably take advantage of strangers, who, not speaking the language

and being too much exhausted to take any trouble about it, pay them anything they choose to exact. I once resisted their imposition, but could not shake them off, without a pretty free use of my cane.

The cabs are the most wretched-looking things it is possible to imagine, with still more miserable-looking horses. They go at a rapid pace, and accidents are rare. The driver does not care about numbers, and it is very common to see three or four drunken sailors in a vehicle made to carry two. On these occasions, the driver stands on the step and drives, or stows himself anywhere outside of the cab. It is not reputable to be seen in one of these vehicles, most residents keeping their own carriages.

Some of the wealthy native merchants have very fine equipages, all in the English fashion, excepting the dress of the servants, which is always oriental. The grooms run by the side of each horse, and seem to keep up with them without any effort, brushing away the flies with a horse-hair switch.

It was some time before I could bring myself to the custom of making my goura-wallah keep by my side, thinking it hard and unnecessary, but a little time soon convinced me to the contrary. The native carriages are always filled with four or six fat Parsees, or Hindoos, with moustaches, turbans, and white muslin, or fine calico dresses. No ladies are ever seen with them, they not being allowed to appear in public, and can only go out in a closely-covered palanquin. The native women met with in the streets belong to the lower orders.

The European inhabitants of Bombay are composed principally of the Company's civil and military servants, the merchants, and professional men. The style of living differs little from that of the other Presidencies, excepting perhaps that it is less princely than in Calcutta : otherwise, there is to every house the usual retinue of servants required by the custom of India, no native doing anything but the duty he is engaged for, and which has been performed by his fathers before him for ages.

A family can seldom manage with less than a dozen attendants, who all board themselves, require very little clothing, and less pay. Servants always remain covered; but take off their shoes, which they leave outside when coming into a room, that being, in the East, a mark of respect. Ayahs, or female servants, are only kept where there are children, or as nurses in sickness.

Every house has a butler, who is generally a native of Goa, or an Indo-Portuguese; he has the entire charge of providing everything for the table, a proper sum being allowed him, with which he goes to the Bazaar, and makes his market purchases accordingly. This saves a deal of trouble to the master, and the cost of things is less than if he meddled with matters himself.

The punkah, a large fan hung from the ceiling, and pulled by a servant who sits outside, is always kept going during meals, or in the heat of the day. Some persons have it in their bedrooms; with this contrivance

the room is rendered as cool as in England. Ice is always brought to table, and taken with beer, or wine, the ice-house supplying it all the year round to subscribers at a very moderate price. Ship loads of it are brought from America at all times and seasons. Curry is a standing dish, and is never omitted at dinner, or even tiffin. People in India dining very late, the tiffin, taken at one, may be considered as an early dinner. Gentlemen dress entirely in white, a white jacket being even dress for a dinner-party, unless a ceremonious one, when a black coat would be required, but most probably the host would ask the parties thus encumbered to put on white, which they would generally have brought with them for the purpose.

It is an invariable rule for gentlemen to appear at church in a coat, and hat. At other times, light caps, or hats, made of a sort of pith, half an inch thick, called a solar topie, with white calico outside, are generally worn. The covering to the head should be light, but thick to guard against *coups de soleil* ;



the thick turbans of the natives probably originated from the same motive. However dangerous exposure to the sun may be, I think the climate of India has the credit for more than it deserves, and that brandy-panee, iced beer, &c., indulged in too freely, are often the predisposing causes of these *coups de soleil*, and ailments very liberally attributed by the sufferers—to the sun.

I was very frequently, and I may add imprudently, exposed to the sun whilst riding long distances, boating, or on shooting-excursions; but, by abstaining from all stimuli during the time, I never found any ill effects from it. Once I broke through my general rule, and drank a bottle of beer whilst riding out, and the result was all day a dreadful headache, I had never before been troubled with, and which warned me that the other plan was the right one.

Residents always ride out between the hours of five and seven in the morning, and from six to seven, or eight in the evening, when gourawallahs may be seen in all direc-

tions leading horses, mostly of the Arab breed, to their respective masters. They never cross them, but turn the stirrups up as soon as you alight. I have seen some Arab greys on parade with coats shining like beautiful white satin, finer than anything I have ever beheld in Europe. As chargers, with all their accoutrements glittering in the sun, they have a very pleasing effect.

The mosquitoes may be considered as the most permanent nuisance in Bombay, particularly in the fort, where the ditches, filled with stagnant water, furnish an endless supply. New comers are the greatest sufferers, the blood being richer, and taking on violent inflammatory action from the stings, which to old Indians are comparatively harmless. The mosquito-curtains around the bed are never omitted; and, when they are properly put down in the evening, preclude any of the tormentors from entering. The act of getting into bed must be performed quickly, and, by withdrawing as little of the

curtain as possible, otherwise you will be soon followed by a few of them, preventing the chance of getting any sleep from the continual singing noise they make around your face, and the occasional stings which they inflict over the body.

On my first arrival, I was "griffin" enough to sleep in a bed without curtains at a friend's house in the fort, none being ready that night, as I was not expected. I was warned of the risk, but I thought I would try it for once, and full well did I pay the penalty for thinking lightly of these almost invisible, but terrible, insects. On awaking in the morning, I found myself stung all over from head to foot. Large irritable pimples and weals came out all over my face, which with the constant scratching made me resemble a person with the small-pox upon him. The pain was such that for several nights I could get no sleep, being occupied all the time with bathing all my limbs with vinegar, brandy, hartshorn, lime-juice, or anything that anybody liked to suggest as the most certain cure.

I found nothing do any good, and was so disfigured that for many days I could not appear in public. After that, I never thought lightly of mosquito-curtains. The greatest difficulty is to avoid these tormentors in the day, when from excessive heat, one falls asleep accidentally on a sofa, or arm-chair, of which they soon take advantage. To a person not acclimatized, and therefore not proof against their stings, they are decidedly the greatest nuisance in India.

Living in Bombay is cheap, and the market is plentifully supplied with meat, poultry, game, fruit, vegetables, and fish. The pomfret is a fish much esteemed, but rather overrated. It does not appear to me equal to many fish caught on our coasts. The Bombay duck is a sort of sardine, but longer and much thinner ; dried, it is generally served up after dinner with cheese, and is an excellent relish. From its constant use here, the Bombay men have got the sobriquet amongst the Indian community, of Bombay "ducks," in like manner that the

Madras people are called "mulls," from their love of mulligatawny soup. The Calcutta people have gained the name of "qui-hy," Hindostanee for "who is there?" which, when they want a servant, is a way of calling one, somebody being always supposed to be "within hail," as no bells are used in the houses in India.

The origin of these sobriquets to a stranger is rather puzzling until explained, and they frequently occur in the Newspapers, which are constantly at war with those of the other Presidencies, there being great rivalry between the three in most matters either civil or political.

A vegetable called bhendy, full of seeds and very mucilaginous, tasting something like marsh-mallows, is often served up. Amongst the fruit, none is so celebrated as the mango, and the Mazagon mango, above all. The poet Moore mentions it in "Lallah Rookh." It is certainly a very delicious fruit, and unlike any other in flavour and shape. It is not long in season, and I was

lucky in falling in with it. The custard-apple is also very fine here; pummeloos, plantains, guavas and pine-apples are common, but the pine-apples are not particularly fine. The morning is considered the best time to eat fruit in India. When served up at dessert, it is seldom much indulged in. Beef is very cheap, but has little flavour. The natives worshipping the cow, will not touch it from religious scruples, and it is supplied to the shipping at the low price of twenty pounds for one rupee. Housekeepers pay about double that price for the choice meat. In the rural districts, beef is never to be had, except when the passage of European troops requires some to be killed, the prejudices of the natives are overlooked with safety.

The Brahmins never touch animal food during their whole lives. The other castes may eat certain kinds of animals; the lower classes live on rice and fish, seldom caring about meat, which they cannot afford to buy. The Parsees live well, not being so restricted

in their diet as the other natives of India. The Parwarrie caste will eat anything even that has died from disease. The difference of caste is too long to discuss at any great length, and is so complicated from its varying so much in different provinces, that, with a perfect knowledge of the language, it would be the work of many years' close study and observation to understand it, the natives being moreover averse to explain, or to discuss matters connected with their worship.

Most of the rich merchants, both native and English, live in fine country-seats called "Bungalows," on the different roads some miles out of town, and drive in in the morning. In the afternoon, an endless number of carriages of all sorts are seen passing through the gates across the esplanade, and native town, to the different suburbs and villages. Officers and civil servants often live in tents on the esplanade, a part of which is allotted for that purpose.

These tents are more like light thatched

cottages, with neat gardens, and out-houses for the servants, stabling, and every other convenience. But they must all be pulled down by the first of June, when the southwest monsoon sets in, and the plain on which they are erected is deluged with rain. This lasts several months, after which they re-appear as before.

Nothing more agreeable can be conceived than a residence in these tents during eight months of the year. The esplanade in front, and the sea close behind, render them cool and constantly exposed to the breeze. It is not unusual for two friends to take one between them and keep house together, which was the case with gentlemen I knew. There is a part called the Stranger's Ground, where a visitor may hire one for any time, the government *employés* only having the right to reside in the main lines.



## CHAPTER VII.

The Bombay Races—Picturesque Sight—Mahmoud Hussein and his Brother—Arabian Horses—The Club House and Ball Room—The Bombay Yacht Club—Cutters and Schooners—The Dinghy—Coolies—The Bunder-Boat—Native Canvass—The Pattamar—Bales of Cotton—The Streets of Bombay—A Parsee Marriage—Parsee Women—Some account of the Parsees, or Guebres—Their Worship of the Sacred Fire—Their Manners and Customs—The Musselmen—Interior of a Mosque—The Hindoos—Their Dress and Features—Sacred Bulls—Hindoo Temples—The Hooli Holidays—Disgraceful Proceedings—Adventure of the Author.

THE Bombay races, which last several days and are very well attended, took place soon after my arrival. The course is two miles from the town, and passes in front of the Bycullah Club House, which is given up during those days as a stand. The ground presents a very picturesque sight of thousands of natives in their flowing white dresses, and coloured turbans, lining the course, Europeans only, with a few exceptions, having the *entrée*

to the stand, which was crowded with elegantly-dressed ladies, and gentlemen, almost all in the Company's civil and military uniforms.

Amongst the visitors, I noticed two Persians in rich cashmere shawls, with high black fur sugar-loaf-shaped hats, long black beards, daggers, with solid gold handles, stuck in front, and their nails dyed red, as is the custom in the East. They had with them, as interpreter, a Parsee, who spoke good English. My curiosity being excited, I entered into conversation with him, and found that the finer-looking of the two was no less a personage than Mahmoud Hussein Aga Khan, or Prince of Persia, son-in-law to the late king, and heir to the throne, but driven into exile with his brother by some revolution, narrowly escaping the bowstring. The Royal brothers first came to Kurrachee and then to Bombay. The government of India allows Prince Mahmoud 2,000 *rupees* a month, as a state pensioner, until better times may recall him to the throne.

He looked a king all over, and, having occasion to pull out my watch, he asked me the time, then looked at the watch, and entering into conversation, said he recollected seeing me before at Kurrachee, which was a mistake, as I had never been there. A few weeks after this, I met him riding out with a cavalcade of small children and attendants, when he recognised and saluted me. A fine military band was in attendance, and the racing was very good. All the horses were pure Arabs. The winning horse of the principal race, for the stakes of 10,000 rupees, was imported from Arabia, and cost 1,000 pounds. Bombay is a great mart for Arabian horses, which are brought down from the Persian Gulf, in a very short time. Having taken an ice in the refreshment-rooms and tendered the payment, it was refused, and I found that no money was taken for refreshments, the club being at the expense of anything the company might consume during the races.

The club-house is on a very magnificent

scale, and the ball-room, paved with black and white marble, and supported with rows of pillars, is very handsome. It is under similar regulations to the Clubs in London. Strangers can be admitted as members during their stay in Bombay, which is very convenient in a place where there are no hotels.

The Bombay Yacht Club having their annual sailing matches soon after the races, I had a good opportunity of seeing how this fine manly exercise and amusement is conducted in the East. The spacious harbour presents a first-rate course, and in the afternoon the sea-breeze generally blows steadily. The cutters and schooners vary from twenty to fifty tons, but are not first-rate, and were all beaten by a dinghy yacht, carrying one large latteen sail on an immense curved yard reaching fore and aft, and built exactly on the model of a Mazagon fishing-boat, which for going to windward, is unequalled by any fore-and-aft-rigged vessel out here. To prove this, a gentleman built this

dinghy, and entered her against yachts of any size, when she carried the prize. I doubt very much whether she would have any chance against the "Secret," "Heroine," "Musquito," or many other first-rate English cutters, with which the Bombay Yacht Club's fleet cannot compare.

The dinghy is a boat peculiar to Bombay, very strongly built, open, with very poor sitting accommodation, and highly inconvenient, the inmate being exposed to the sun. These disadvantages are counterbalanced by great safety, speed, and cheapness. The large latteen cotton sail, generally the worse for wear, is hoisted on the mast which rakes forward; the crew consists of four or five, the helmsman steering with the steer-oar, or rudder, and the four naked coolies, generally Arabs, pulling oars, or more properly paddles, fixed to the end of a long bamboo pole. They stand up to each stroke, and, if going against tide, make a sort of yelling noise to assist their labour. Unless there is much wind, they pull and sail together. In beating to windward, they never tack head to

wind, but always *wear* the boat, which they do without losing way.

I have often tried to induce them to put the helm down and *go about*, to get on the other tack, but they never would do it. They manage their boats with great skill, and will bring you alongside a ship when there are much swell and a strong wind, with the greatest nicety. The hire of a dinghy and crew of four is two shillings and sixpence a day, they finding themselves, or thirty-five rupees a month. This allows sixpence for the boat, and sixpence to each man.

A larger sort of craft, called Bunder-boat, with a regular house in it, and pulled by twelve men, with two masts, is used for pic-nic parties amongst the islands, or for ladies to go out to the ships. In these, several beds can be made up, and they have every convenience for a two or three days' excursion. The price is in proportion. The natives themselves go about in long narrow canoes, cut out of the trunk of a

single tree, just broad enough for a man to squat down. They carry from one to twenty men, each using a small paddle. The pattamars and Arab vessels all have them instead of boats. Europeans would capsize them immediately, as it requires a peculiar knack to manage them, or even to sit in them with safety. I once got into a small one that held two people, but was soon turned out into the sea, and several others tried it, but all got a ducking in their turn.

The interior of a pattamar is quite different to most vessels; all the vessel, with the exception of a small raised poop, is devoted to the cargo. The crew sleep about any where, amongst the bales of cotton, which is the cargo of most of them. In the cotton-season hundreds of them are to be seen off Colabah. The cotton comes down from the coast in temporary bales, which are landed at Colabah, and made into proper bales for shipment by the aid of a screw-press.

The streets of Bombay are constantly filled with processions of the natives, either connected with the numerous holidays of their religion, or with marriages, which are always celebrated in public. In the native town, you are sure to meet with them up to a late hour at night, accompanied with torches and bands of music.

Going through the fort one day, I found the street blocked up with carriages, close palanquins, and people, and heard that the cause of such a concourse was the celebration of a Parsee marriage. The wedding guests, several hundreds in number, were seated on forms placed at each side of the street, opposite the bridegroom's house, and these all dressed alike in their snowy white costumes and high lilac-coloured, peculiar-shaped turbans, worn only by their sect, presented a very unique appearance.

The bridegroom, a boy about fourteen years old, descended the steps leading from the door of his house to the street. His dress was covered all over with gold leaf; and,



mounting a horse richly caparisoned, with long garlands of flowers trailing from his trappings, the procession moved onwards. First, came carriages filled with children of all ages, their little caps closely fitted to the head, glittering with ornaments of gold and precious stones, the rest of their dresses being made of the richest embroidered satin. Palanquins, filled with children, followed the carriages. Next came several boys and girls on horseback, dressed in a similar manner, each horse being led by a servant. Then came a sepoy-band in full uniform, followed by the army of wedding guests, and behind these some low-caste natives, with native music, their tomtoms, long brass trumpets, &c., making a perfect *charivari*.

At last came the bridegroom, his horse led by his nearest relative, whilst servants fanned him. About one hundred Parsee women brought up the rear. These were simply yet elegantly dressed in a gown and spencer, with large shawls of choice fabric

thrown over their heads, and falling in loose and graceful folds around them. They wore no stockings, but small kid slippers turned up at the toe to a point. The Parsee women are not generally handsome, most of them being of an olive cast, having dark eyes and hair, with large features, but good figure. They wear large silver bangles on the ankles and arms, and generally dress in yellow or crimson silks, which give a lively appearance to the parts where they "most do congregate."

Bombay may be considered the head-quarters of the Parsees; but they are to be found in numbers along the coast, and all over Western India, where, by their industry and enterprise, they have risen to be amongst the most wealthy merchants of the Presidency, owning most of the large country ships, and many of them becoming extensive land owners. In their country-seats and houses they imitate the English fashion, as they are fond of speaking the language, which most of them do fluently.

They are *bon vivants*, and, when they assemble together at their convivial meetings, keep late hours, having little regard for temperance principles.

In all government and public offices, or banks, Parsees are met with in posts of trust, or as clerks, their honesty and ability rendering them well fitted for such duties. They are very particular in adhering to their mode of dress and religion. I only met with one man who had embraced Christianity, but he had not changed his costume. The Parsee children are very beautiful, and are treated with great kindness by their parents. The men have nearly all the same features and expression, which with the dress being all alike, make it difficult sometimes to recognise them.

A few words about the origin of this interesting people, may not be out of place. The Parsees, Guebres, or Fire-worshippers, were first introduced into Persia by Zoroaster, about the sixth century, A.D. Expelled from Persia by the persecution of

one of the Emperors, they emigrated into Khorassan, where they remained a century, and then to the island of Ormuz, in the Persian Gulf, which not liking, they sailed for the coast of Guzerat, when they were favourably received by the prince. Land was given to them, and they built a town, called Sanjan. They remained here three centuries, and dispersed to Baroach, Surat, and along the coast.

A large number of Guebres fell in a battle with the Affghans; the survivors fled, carrying their sacred fire with them, and continued to wander from place to place along the coasts for centuries, until they at last found a secure asylum in Surat, Bombay, and other towns. The language they speak and write is the Guzerattee, in which character they have a newspaper at Bombay, called the "Bombay Whip." The Guebres pay the greatest reverence to the sun, in which they place the fountain head of fire.

In their temples, the fire burns in a vase

within a grating, which none are allowed to approach but the priests, who keep it alive, watching over it night and day. The Guebres have, besides the sacred fire, the greatest veneration for that element in general, and, when once kindled, deem it a sacrilege to extinguish it. Should their house take fire, they will not put out the flames by water, but pull down the surrounding part that it may expire of itself. I witnessed the burning of the house of the celebrated Parsee ship-builder, when jewels to the value of a lac of rupees were lost. The fire was prevented spreading to other houses by cutting away the roofs and walls. The fire-engines were worked by English sailors from the shipping, and during all this time the Parsee friends and relations were looking on with the most perfect apathy, whilst the sailors, who got nothing for their trouble, were exposing themselves to the most imminent danger, and several received serious injuries in their exertions to extinguish the fire.

Marriage is a favourite condition amongst them: polygamy is not allowed, excepting in cases of sterility, when, with the consent of the wife, the husband can marry again, the first wife still living with him, and retaining her rights. Their festivals are numerous; but their manner of disposing of their dead is unlike that of any other sect. The body is placed in a round tower open at the top, on a stone-floor elevated from the ground and sloping to the centre, where there is a deep well into which the bones are gathered after decomposition. The bodies are thus exposed to the birds of prey, and the Parsees draw a good omen from the eye which is first plucked out by the hawk, or vulture.

The Musselmen are the most numerous sect, after the Hindoos. They are divided into two different sects, the Shiahhs and the Soonies. Their mosques, or places of worship, are numerous: the principal one, in the native town, is a very elegant building, ornamented outside with finely-carved stone-work, and kept remarkably clean. I

once had the curiosity to go inside, but was obliged to take off my boots before I was allowed to enter—the floor being of marble rendered this part of one's dress rather awkward to dispense with.

The interior is plain, supported by light mahogany pillars, with a small pulpit at one end, without ornament of any kind. A few of the faithful were prostrating themselves on the floor of the mosque, and deeply engaged in prayer. The place combined an air of grandeur and simplicity, well suited to cause an impressive effect upon the beholder.

The Hindoos, who are by far the greatest number of the population, have each a painted mark on the forehead, indicating their caste, &c. This is sometimes a round patch as large as a sixpence, or one or more horizontal lines, either white, red, or yellow. These are painted fresh every day, and worn from the highest down to the lowest. Their turbans are of various forms and colours, the Banians wearing theirs terminating in a peak in front, not unlike a small horn.

They all shave the head entirely, with the exception of a small patch on the crown, which is allowed to grow. They wear no beard nor whiskers, but the moustache is very generally cultivated. This absence of all hair gives them a very naked, and at first, unsightly appearance, until in time one gets accustomed to it.

Their features are very regular and often handsome, their complexions dark olive, like most Eastern nations. Their hands and feet are very small and delicate. Their dress is generally of white drapery, which is passed between the legs and secured at the waist, answering the purpose of trowsers. They wear no stockings, but broad-toed morocco shoes, the lower part of the legs thus remaining uncovered.

The cow is amongst their especial objects of worship: Brahminy bulls are constantly seen wandering about the streets, and are held sacred by the natives, who feed them voluntarily. These bulls have a large hump on the back, like a camel's, are very inoffen-



sive, and are sometimes ornamented with bells, or flowers. To ill-treat a Brahminy bull, would be giving great offence to the natives, and might be resented by them.

The Hindoo temples and pagodas are very numerous, and of all sizes and forms. In some, one is not allowed to enter on any account. They worship also stone images, stones, trees, and all sorts of things; which is shown by the object being bedaubed with red lead. This distinguishing symbol of recent adoration, occurs constantly on the roads and in villages, where the red paint is always met with on different objects.

Their festivals are very numerous, but none lasts so long as that called the Hooli holidays, which begin the 26th of March, and continue for several days. During that time, nobody does any work, and the lower classes give themselves up to all sorts of riot and obscenity. They pelt each other in the streets with mud, and bedaub each other's dresses with red and yellow dyes; throw dust and rubbish in the face of those passing by, and

make use of language, which I was told would not bear repeating.

The magistrates have limited the celebration of this nuisance to certain quarters of the fort, and reduced the number of days, but enough has not yet been done, and the outcry in the papers was loud against it. I had an opportunity of seeing, quite unintentionally, to what an extent things are carried; for, on the last day of the Hooli holidays, I intended to ride across the island, but was dissuaded from doing so by my gourawallah, for reasons which I could not understand. I, therefore, started off at six in the morning for Mahim, the road lying through the Boree Bazaar, a large populous street in the fort, inhabited entirely by natives.

As I entered this place from a narrow street, I found all the male portion of the inhabitants, ranged up on both sides of the road, pelting each other not only with mud and dirt, but with mortar, broken wood, stones, and offal, rendering it quite dangerous to pass along.

Being mounted, and having no other choice of road, I thought perhaps the presence of an European would ensure me sufficient respect to pass unmolested, and for a time it did, as there was a sort of check amongst them. But my gourawallah was made an object of derision, and at last, when I had advanced half way through the street, the uproar became very great, and a few missiles striking my horse, he refused to proceed, when luckily a guard of Sepoys stationed there to keep order, seeing me in difficulties, escorted me as far as the city gates, arriving there just in time to avoid a procession of barbarous music, followed by a mob it would have been impossible for me to face.

No European ever dreams of venturing out amongst such scenes ; and, had I had the slightest idea of what the Hooli festival was, I should never have had the opportunity of describing it. Leaving the crowded parts of the city, there was no danger outside, where the population being thinner

you could ride across the island without any accident. These scenes are no criterion of the conduct of the Hindoo population, who are generally a mild, tractable, and inoffensive people, respectful towards their European masters, even to servility, sober, economical, intelligent, and often very trustworthy.

## CHAPTER VIII.

Public Buildings in Bombay—Statue of the Marquess Cornwallis—The Town Hall—The Elphinstone Institution—The Sanatorium—The Mahabaleshwur Hills—Extensive Library—The Cathedral—The Scotch Church—The Mint—The Custom House—Heaps of Merchandize—The Old Bunder—The New Bunder—An animated Scene—The Dockyard—The European Hospital—The Supreme Court of Justice—Trial for Murder—Indian Navy Club House—Bombay Castle—An Oriental Scene—Indian Females—Besties, or Water-Carriers—The Sepoy Lines—Public Washing Place.<sup>1</sup>

THE principal public buildings in the Fort, are the Town Hall, the Cathedral, the Mint, the Custom House, the Courts of Justice, the Dockyard of the Indian Navy, the Castle, the European Hospital, and the monument erected to the Marquess Cornwallis, in the middle of Bombay Green, a large square planted round with trees, and

the most central part of the Fort. The statue of the Marquess is surrounded with pillars supporting a dome, and looks altogether rather heavy.

The Town Hall is a fine building, occupying one side of the Green, and is entered by ascending a large flight of steps, the ground-floor being filled with different government offices. The large room is supported by rows of pillars, and at each end is a niche, one containing a fine marble statue of the Honourable Mount Stuart Elphinstone, by Chantrey. In the next room, are the statues in marble of Sir John Malcolm, and Sir Charles Forbes, Bart., both by Chantrey. The two first were formerly distinguished Governors of Bombay.

The Honourable Mount Stuart Elphinstone was the British Resident at Poona, when the Peishwa attacked and burned the Residency in 1817, which led to the last Mahratta war, and the extinction of that formidable power. He was also the founder of the Elphinstone Institution, for the

instruction of native children, in which nearly 1,000 children receive the benefit of an English education. To Sir John Malcolm, the Presidency is indebted for the establishment of the Sanatarium, on the Mahabaleshwur Hills, so invaluable during the hot season to invalids and to children.

The village forming the Sanatarium is called Malcolm Peth, in honour of its founder, and was ceded by the Rajah of Sattara, in exchange for another village, to the East India Company. The Mahabaleshwur Hills form part of the chain of the Ghauts, and are 4,500 feet above the level of the sea, from which they are distant twenty-five miles. The distance from Sattara is thirty miles, from Poona seventy, and from Bombay, viâ Nagotna, seventy miles, with an excellent road and public bungalows at each stage, or, it can be reached from Bombay by a short sea trip, ascending the Bancoot River, and travelling twenty-five miles by land.

The surrounding scenery is of great grandeur and beauty. Suitable residences have

been built for invalids, or families; there are a resident chaplain, medical officer, and magistrate: a public library, and every other convenience. The climate is said to be delightful to the exhausted Indian, the mean temperature being  $66^{\circ}$ , similar to the Cape, or New South Wales. During the hot season, the Governor and suite, with many of the influential families of Bombay, retire to this bracing atmosphere and most fashionable resort. The Bombay branch of the Royal Asiatic Society, the Bombay Medical and Physical Society, and many others hold their meetings in the Town Hall.

There is a very extensive library, which is open to visitors, who are properly introduced by a member. I only availed myself of its advantages for a short time before I left, not knowing of its existence earlier. The museum, in a room adjoining, is a very poor affair, and does not say much for the scientific zeal of the capital of Western India, which vast country contains a rich and most extensive field in every branch required for



the formation of a museum worthy of the name. The impression this *apology for a museum* must make upon a stranger is, that "*mammon, not science, is worshipped here.*" I have seen a much better one in many a provincial town in France. "*They manage these things better in France,*" was a remark of Sterne a century ago, that may apply to the promotion of science, at the present day.

The Cathedral is situated on the other side of the Green. It is plain outside, but the interior is elegant and filled with finely sculptured monuments to the memory of the dead, most of whom have belonged to the civil or military service of the Company. Punkahs are hung across from the roof, which are kept going during the service. The attendance is not so great as one might expect, arising probably from many of the inhabitants attending the Scotch Church and Scotch Free Kirk. This latter is situated in the Native Town, and has a large congregation.

The Mint is on the same side as the Town

Hall, and is well worth inspecting, which can easily be done by asking permission from the master. I was told to call on Friday, as the most likely day to see the coining process, but it did not take place. A gentleman, one of the superintendents, however, took great pains to show me all over the establishment, which is on a very extensive scale.

In the melting-room I saw the workmen running off ingots of silver; all the persons employed are natives; the machinery was sent out from Eng<sup>l</sup> at an immense expense. They struck a die before me, such as are used to coin the rupees, and then made several rupees from it to shew me the process, but would not allow me to take one of them by paying for it with another, that being contrary to the rules. I was very politely asked to call and see the coining another day, as no work was then going on, on account of the Hooli holidays.

The Custom-House is an old, irregular pile of buildings, facing the old Bunder, or landing-place, from which a passage leads through

it into the front part which is near the Green. It is a busy scene of entirely oriental appearance. The heaps of merchandise from all parts of the East; the smell of gums, spices, drugs, and oils; the crowd of Arabs, Persians, and Indians, of all countries, in their native dress, just landing from their vessels; coolies, weighing and carrying heavy bales in all directions, through passages crowded with goods leaving little room for lookers on, caused me soon to make my exit, but not before I was covered with cotton and dust.

The old Bunder, where everything passing through the Custom-House must be landed, is a very inconvenient place to have much to do with. It is so crowded with dinghys and cargo-boats, that it is sometimes almost impossible to reach the steps, and, at low water, quite so, coolies carrying you on their shoulders ashore for a pice. At six o'clock in the morning, all the dinghys from the different ships in the harbour call here for their fresh supplies. The

Dubash is in attendance to go with the ship's steward to the bazaar, which is not far off. Here fish, flesh, fowls, fruit, vegetables, eggs, bread, &c., are procured for the use of the ship, the Dubash being the purchaser of everything at the market prices, and for which Europeans could never obtain them.

For all other purposes, the people generally land at the Apollo, or New Bunder, built at the end of a tongue of land running out into the sea, and having a fine broad flight of steps of great height, leading down to the water's edge. In the afternoon, these steps are lined with Parsees sitting down in rows.

The road leading to this Bunder, being fully exposed to the sea-breeze, renders it a favourite drive with the *élite* of Bombay, whose carriages stop at the extreme end for half-an-hour about sun-set, filled with ladies and children, desirous of seeing the numerous boats, yachts, and men-of-war gigs landing or taking off their respective owners, and of enjoying the cool air from the water.

They thence drive to the Esplanade, where the band of one of the regiments plays until dusk, the carriages forming a ring, and the equestrians, in or out of uniform, may be seen galloping their Arabs on the turf to show them off to the best advantage, or gossiping by the side of the carriages with their fair friends—which here goes by the name of *Peacocking*. The natives are seldom met with, excepting a few Parsees, and plenty of Ayahs leading about delicate little children, who have lost all their English healthy, rubicund aspect in these torrid regions.

The Dockyard of the Indian navy, is not far from the new Bunder. The principal building contains the engineering department. All the machinery is moved by steam, and is under the control of Ardaseer, a Parsee of note, who is the chief engineer. Everything is on a grand scale; the workmen are all natives. The offices of the Indian naval department occupy another extensive building, and in the

dock-yard are built the steam-frigates, sloops, brigs, &c. of the Indian government. The *Meanee*, 84, built of teak, will probably be the last of that size launched here, as it is said the home government do not intend to order any more men-of-war from Bombay. Private ships can be repaired in these docks, and the *Charles Grant*, an old 1,400 ton ship, has almost entirely been renewed.

A tiger once swam from one of the islands adjacent, landed on the old Bunder, where he killed a man, and, being pursued, took refuge in the dock-yard in a small schooner that was being built on the slips, where he was destroyed. The vessel was named from that circumstance the *Royal Tiger*, and is still in active service.

The European Hospital is an old building erected behind the ramparts, near the farthest gate; and its situation between the high, crowded native houses behind, and the ditches of the fortifications in front, must be anything but an eligible one. It is solely for the use of English soldiers, sailors, &c. Sea-

men from the shipping in harbour are admitted on payment of a small weekly sum. This hospital cannot compare with the splendid establishment built for the native population by the munificence of a Parsee, Sir Jamsettjee Jeejeebhoy, at Bycullah, two miles from the fort.

The native regiments have each an hospital attached to their barracks. I noticed many wounded men, who had just come down the Indus, from the battles of Chillianwallah and Moultan. The rest of the patients were affected with the usual Indian diseases, liver disease, dysentery, diarrhœa, fever, ague, &c. Bombay has been free from cholera for several years, which is attributed to the great improvement in the drainage and sewerage in the fort. It may still be met with amongst the filthy crowded quarters of the natives, but then little is known about it elsewhere.

The Supreme Court of Justice is opposite the gates of the dockyard, and trials are conducted in much the same manner as in

England, with the exception of a sworn interpreter being always required for native criminals, and the jury-box containing a mixture of turbaned and English jury-men.

Owing to so much of the evidence being in the vernacular tongue, and requiring to be interpreted, the proceedings appear tedious to the hearer. I was in court during a trial for murder, and another for the administering of the datura, a poisonous plant, which produces stupor, and is very commonly given in food with intent to rob the victim whilst under its powerful effects.

The surgeon of the native hospital deposed to having admitted seventy cases in one year, none of which proved fatal. In spite of this, I expect that a strong dose, without the advantages of early medical assistance, might prove fatal, and severe measures should be taken to stop this growing evil. The Sudder Adawlut, another Court of Justice, under the Company's jurisdiction, is situated outside the fort.



Not far from the Court of Justice, facing the ramparts, is the Indian Navy Club House, where the officers of that service are accommodated during their stay on shore. Visitors can be admitted, when properly introduced, as members during their stay in Bombay. It is more conveniently situated than the Bycullah Club, and, had I known it earlier, I should have been glad to have joined it. Such establishments are particularly useful in India, where there are no hotels, nor lodging houses, nor any sort of convenience for strangers, who may have no friends to live with.

Bombay Castle, the entrance to which is through an old carved arched gateway, near the Mint, commands the harbour, a stone platform, mounted with heavy guns, forming its boundary on the water-side. It does not convey an idea of great strength, and is used now as an arsenal for all the arms, cannon, and warlike stores of the Bombay army.

The first large room you enter is filled

from top to bottom with all sorts of rockets, shot, shell, hand-grenades, carbines, pistols, cutlasses, and lances, numbered and arranged with great symmetry. These are only "musterers," or samples of the articles which are stowed away in the different stores. The saddlery department for the cavalry is upstairs, and also the depôt of clothes, &c.

Crossing the yard, is the Artillery depôt. Here, hundreds of pieces of cannon of all calibre, heaps of shot and large shells, surround you ; and at the end are large covered sheds, under which field-pieces mounted on their carriages, and powder *caissons*, ready for immediate use, are always kept. All these are made of strong native wood, at the gun-carriage manufactory of Colabah, by native workmen.

On leaving the castle, to the left, is a piece of ground railed round, in which are lying upwards of a hundred pieces of cannon of large size. The esplanade that separates the fort from the native town, sometimes called Dungaree, has towards

that end several large round tanks containing water. Near the fort gate is a marble monument to the memory of the Marquess Wellesley, surrounded with cannon taken in battle.

At dawn of day, a curious oriental scene presents itself to the stranger, in which I often indulged. The various tanks are crowded with women, as they are employed in cleaning their brass and copper chatties, or in filling them, by means of a rope, with water, required for the house during the day. When the chatties are full, the females place them on their heads, and return in groups to the city; their fine figures, dressed in richly-coloured silks, their large silver bangles on the arms and ankles, their gold ear-rings, and a large gold ring hanging from the nose, are very striking. Many of them, although of dark complexion, have remarkably handsome and regular features, beautiful black eyes, white teeth, and a graceful style of manner unknown to females of more northern climes. They often, whilst walking, hold each other

by the hand, which is also a custom with the men. They sometimes carry a little child dangling astride on the hips, one arm being round the child and the other at liberty. It is not unusual to see young mothers of fourteen thus encumbered.

The besties, or water-carriers, a low caste of men without any covering but a cloth tied round their loins, carry water in large copper vessels hung one on each side to a flexible bamboo borne across the shoulder. Another class have buffaloes, with large flattish leathern-buckets hung on each side, which are filled with water from the tank, and the animals are then driven into the fort to supply the different houses. The same scene takes place again at sunset, when the tanks are crowded with women and water-carriers as before. It reminds one every moment of Rebecca at the well, and the custom is undoubtedly as ancient.

The sepoy lines form the extreme end of the esplanade. Here these faithful guar-

dians of our eastern empire live in barracks of light construction suited to their taste, with their wives and families, enjoying uninterruptedly the privileges of their religion and their native customs. Frequent parades take place in the morning, or afternoon, and a grand review of all the garrison was ordered by the Governor, Viscount Falkland, before his departure for the hills. He was attended by his guard of honour, picked men from the Bombay light cavalry, whose splendid uniform of silver and light blue, with their noble bearing, and dark countenances, give them a very martial appearance.

Firing with blank cartridge, and the different evolutions were gone through with great precision, the native troops being in the highest state of discipline. I was particularly struck with the soldier-like manner of the Soubadars and Jemadars, or native officers, who are attached to each corps, besides the usual number of English officers. The Indian Army is a very popu-

lar service amongst the natives, who apply for enlistment in greater numbers than are required. They are not admitted beyond a certain age, I think twenty-one, and to be dismissed the service is to them a severe punishment. On the right-hand side of the esplanade, is the public washing-place, where all the linen of Bombay is taken by the dhobies, each of whom has a separate place to stand in, a stream of water being conveyed through the whole line, in which the clothes are washed. By the side of the dhobie is a flat stone, on which the linen is beaten, the stone being worn smooth by constant use. This accounts for the unusually quick wear of one's garments, the disappearance of buttons, and button-holes. The linen is brought home very clean, and stiff with congee, or rice-water; the charge is three rupees a hundred, or so much a month for residents.

## CHAPTER IX.

The Native Town—Trades and Occupations—A Motley Population—The Borahs, or Hawkers—Water-Tanks—Faqueers, or Religious Fanatics—Filthy Streets—Principal Objects worth visiting—The Sir Jamsetjee Jeejeebhoy Hospital—Medical College—Patience and Physicians—Operation for Lithotomy—Use of Chloroform—Leprosy and Guinea Worm—Description of the latter—Native Prejudices—Parsee Hospital—The Jail—Native Day Schools—Ship on Fire—A Nautch—The Dance described—A Shooting Excursion—Mahratta Fortress—Wild Beasts—Pyramidical Mound—Peacock, Jungle Fowl, &c.—Monkeys—Cheetah—Sagaghur, the Ocean Fort, described.

AT DUNGAREE Green begins the native town, with its densely-crowded inhabitants filling the streets, so as to render riding or driving through it a work of some difficulty. Men are seen squatting down in front of their shops with scarcely any clothing; others smoking the hookah, or chewing betel-nut. Some are lying asleep on mats, or swinging

themselves in a coarse sort of net-hammock, hung up in the shop.

The shops are all open in front, and different trades are carried on in them: the coppersmiths hammering away with all their might to make the basins, lotahs, and different utensils used by the Hindoos. The carpenters, smiths, shoemakers, &c., all seem busily engaged. Besties, carrying their load of water across their shoulders; Brahminy bulls, slowly pacing the streets; bullock-hackeries driving along amidst fearful yells; dashing equipages, with servants running before the horses to clear the road; naked coolies, bearing heavy loads upon their heads; native policemen in blue cloth dresses and yellow turbans, with truncheon in hand, loitering about with varnished paper umbrellas which are carried by most people, to keep off the sun; and a wedding-procession with loud discordant music, and a host of followers, constantly crossing your path, render a stroll through the native city one of the most curious sights a European can behold.



The better sort of houses are heavily ornamented with carved wood, which is painted in different colours, and on the walls of many are portrayed Hindoo subjects, tigers, elephants, &c., in gaudy hues, and in rather a primitive style. The front part of the house is open, and there the Hindoo has his head shaved, performs his ablutions all over the body, and eats his kaunna, or rice and currie, regardless of spectators who take no notice of it. I once was much amused by seeing an Indian Portuguese kneeling down in a crowded thoroughfare, a Hindoo barber also kneeling in front of him, with razor in hand, performing his office, everybody giving them a wide berth out of courtesy.

A very useful class of natives are the Borahs, a sort of itinerant hawkers. The Borah carries his pack with him, and pays periodical visits to the different European houses, where he supplies the ladies with English articles of dress, or native stuffs, each person dealing with a favourite Borah.

These men answer the same purpose as the linen-drapers' shops, which are unknown in India, and they generally sell good articles, at a reasonable price.

The Native Town contains a number of large square tanks, or reservoirs of water, built round with stone, and having broad steps leading down to the water, where the people fill their chatties, and perform their ablutions. These tanks, in the hot season, when almost dry, have a very aguish appearance, and are replenished by the rains during the south-west monsoon; otherwise, they would have a very little chance of being replenished, as not a drop of rain fell in the three months I was at Bombay. Near these tanks are often located Faqueers, a sort of religious fanatics, who make a vow to torture themselves in a hideous way, and expose themselves to the public, who give them alms. Some hold their arms up until they grow in that position, and distort their limbs into all manner of unnatural shapes. Certain of these are lepers, who have lost their fingers, hands, or toes, by disease.

I cannot say much for the cleanliness of this part of Bombay, which, with the exception of the Bycullah road, and one or two other streets, is in a most filthy state; this, with the constant smell of rancid oil and assafœtida assailing the olfactories, compels one soon to hurry out of the place to breathe a purer air. The principal objects worth visiting in the Native Town are the Mahomedan Mosque, of which I have before spoken, the Native Hospital, and Grant Medical College in the same building, the Elphinstone Institution, the Schools for the education of half-caste children, the Jail, the Parsee Hospital for animals, &c.

The Sir Jamsetjee Jeejeebhoy Hospital was founded a few years ago by the Parsee knight, at his entire expense, for the reception of natives of all castes. Attached to it is the Grant Medical College, both forming a handsome pile of buildings, of Gothic architecture, facing the Bycullah road, with a garden in front, and a fine gateway leading from the college to the hospital, which is built in the form of a square. The wards

are all on the ground-floor, large, high pitched, and well ventilated. The flooring is of dried cowdung, baked hard in the sun, which is pleasing to the patients, as it is similar to their homes, and connected with religious notions; besides that, it does not form a bad material, being hard and smooth.

A wide corridor, supported by pillars, extends outside, from one end of each wing to the other, under which convalescents can walk protected from the sun. The men are disposed on one side, and the women on the other; these latter are much less in number. The hospital can accommodate from two to three hundred patients. They are all classed in different wards, according to their caste and country, great attention being paid to allow them cooks of their respective castes, as they will not eat food provided by any other.

Here are wards for Brahmins, Mahrattas, Musselmen, Lascars, Pariahs, Arabs, and many others. The patients bear opera-

tions well, arising from their sober habits, and simple vegetable diet, rendering them little liable to inflammation. Their patience also must have a great deal to do with it. The surgeons and physicians go round the wards in the morning and evening.

The dispensing department is in the hands of Portuguese assistants and apprentices, who are generally found to fill these offices in the different medical establishments of the Presidency. I met with great attention from Dr. Morehead, the chief physician, and principal of the college, and from Mr. Peet, the chief surgeon, and professor of surgery, who gave me "*carte blanche*" to go over the wards whenever I pleased, and to attend at the operations.

I saw one case of lithotomy on an old man of seventy, under the influence of chloroform. The operation was well performed, but whether from the effect of it or from the chloroform, it was some time before he rallied, and he appeared almost *in articulo*

*mortis*, but in the end recovered. Lockjaw is a common disease, and is very fatal. I saw chloroform administered to one man with lockjaw, with great success, as it enabled him to take food; and he ultimately recovered: it was given twice a day. I tried it on a Chinaman I was called in to treat, who had the same complaint, and, after the administration of chloroform, he fed himself with his chopsticks, but died the third day.

Cases of leprosy and Guinea worm are frequently admitted. The *Dracunculus*, or Guinea worm, is peculiar to India, attacking both Natives and Europeans. The first indication of it is the appearance on the arms, or legs, of a pimple which becomes inflamed and painful. This is opened and the worm is seized with the forceps and drawn out from underneath the skin by winding it gently round a quill until it is all extracted. It often measures from three to four feet, is of a dull white colour, of about the thickness of catgut. It causes intense pain, and several worms

sometimes appear in different parts. The native barbers are very expert in extracting it, and the operation is generally left to them. Nothing is known about its pathology, the predisposing causes, or how it first locates itself in the human frame.

The prejudices of the Natives against going into an hospital are now greatly diminished; the kind treatment and benefits they receive rapidly doing away with their scruples. I have seen few things in India more interesting than the Sir Jamsetjee Jeejeebhoy Hospital. The medical college has about fifty students, principally Hindoos and Parsees, with a few Indo-Portuguese. Some of them receive a stipend from government to provide for their expenses whilst studying, and to those who do not require it, everything is free. There are the laboratory, museum of anatomy, library, lecture-rooms, amphitheatre, and dissecting-room,—all on a large scale and similar to such an institution in England.

The students all speak good English, are

most diligent and attached to their studies, most of them showing intellectual powers of a superior order. It will be the work of time to overcome the Hindoo prejudice against dissection, but many of the natives have done so. I frequently conversed with them, and found them eager for information respecting England. I was invited to assist at the annual examinations and distribution of prizes; the *élite* of Bombay were there, and several excellent speeches were made, particularly by Sir Erskine Perry, the Chief Justice, and Dr. Burnes, President of the Medical Board, showing the advantages the population of India would derive from having their countrymen dispersed amongst them as properly educated medical men.

The Parsee Hospital for diseased animals of all descriptions, offers a very singular but rather disgusting exhibition. According to the tenets of the Parsee creed, animals should be fed and taken care of during sickness, or old age, and this is the receptacle for all such, a certain sum being paid by the owners for



that purpose. It consists of a large square yard, surrounded by a high wall, against which a well-covered shed is built all round, being open towards the yard. Straw is laid down, and racks, filled with hay and grass, and troughs of fresh water, are placed in different parts. In these sheds, separated from each other, are horses, cows, buffaloes, donkeys, goats, sheep, dogs, cats, and a variety of other animals, some with broken legs, or dislocated joints ; others blind, and tottering from old age. At one end are coops for poultry, of all descriptions, cages for parrots, and various birds, with their attendants, giving it altogether an appearance something between a large farm-yard and a menagerie.

The jail is a large dismal-looking building situated near Mazagon, and contains a great number of prisoners, principally for debt. Several live together in a room, being placed according to caste. A general officer had been confined here many years for debt. The condemned cells are near a gate leading

into the town, under which capital executions take place. Several deep, round tanks are in the yards, and the whole has a clean and orderly appearance.

The institution for the reception of the half-caste children of Europeans is a large building on the left-hand side of the Bycullah road, a few miles from the Fort. It is very amusing to visit the private day-schools of the native Hindoo children; generally in a large room open towards the street, some twenty or thirty little creatures are seen squatting on the floor, holding square pieces of board sprinkled with red sand, upon which they write with a bamboo. The more advanced write with a bamboo pen and black ink upon a sort of whity-brown paper, manufactured for the purpose. Frequently, they all repeat the same words together, and seem pretty attentive to their studies.

Once on the other side of the island, I entered a village-school and the master, who could not speak English, took great pains to show me the books and writing of the children

One of those occurrences for which Bombay harbour has so long been notorious, took place shortly after my arrival. The alarm was given in the fort at about ten o'clock at night of a ship being on fire. She proved to be the "Futty Rahimon," of 500 tons, a new vessel built at Cochin, bound from Calcutta to Juddah. Her cargo consisted of rice, ginger, cardamoms, and turmeric. The Lascars, having received three months wages in Calcutta, wanted to leave the ship, having six weeks to serve. They became sulky, and refused to work. The captain was lying ill in his cabin, but the Nacoda explained to them that they must perform the voyage, to escape doing which there is no doubt they set fire to the ship.

Boats from every vessel were sent to assist in extinguishing it, but in vain. The burning masts went overboard in the middle of the night, and the men succeeded in stranding the hull at the Boree Bunder, where the remains were sold for 8,000 rupees by the owner, Hadji Jussel Noor Mahomed, a

Musselman, who attributed the calamity to fate. He was not insured, and the authors, as usual, were never detected. Since that occurrence, the "Lowjee family" of 1,000 tons, has met with a similar fate.

I had a great desire to see a Nautch, but the season when these most frequently take place had passed, and my Parsee friends could not give one, on account of a death in the family.

One night, passing with a gentleman through the fort, we saw near one of the gates a house beautifully illuminated, and decorated with tinsel, and flowers. We stopped to look in, and finding nobody but a few servants and policemen, they asked us to enter, sprinkled us with rose water out of a silver salver, presented us with flowers and betel-nut, wrapped up in gold and palm-leaf. They told us that a Nautch would be held the next evening to celebrate the marriage of a rich Hindoo's son, when they would all return from their country-seat, and invited us to be present. This we did about ten o'clock the

following night, and were politely received by the master of the house, who was surrounded on all sides with visitors. The walls were covered with mirrors and crimson velvet; the ceiling was hung with brilliant chandeliers and wreaths of flowers that produced a charming effect.

In the middle of the room two nautch girls, loaded with bangles and ornaments of solid gold, their hair bedecked with flowers, performed their native dance, singing at the same time songs in rather a plaintive tone, which, from not understanding the words, appeared to me to be very monotonous. Flowers, betel-nut, and rose-water were brought round to us as before. We saw some Hindoo ladies peeping from behind a screen, none but men being present at these dances, the ladies never being allowed to grace such festivals with their presence.

The mosquitoes had committed such ravages upon my face and limbs that a friend proposed to me a few days' shooting-excursion in a country where there were none of these

plagues, and where we could have the loan of a bungalow belonging to a gentleman who resided in it only a few months in the year. I gladly accepted the offer, and started off in a bunder-boat, full of servants, provision, and bedding, for "Sagagur." Having crossed the harbour, we ascended the Pen river until it became as narrow as a canal, and landed in a swampy ground near a village.

Our road lay across a paddy-field for several miles, when we came to the foot of a steep high hill, covered with thick jungle and trees, having ascended which, we found ourselves suddenly at the entrance of the curious old Mahratta fortress now in ruins. It occupies the entire table-land of a hill about 1,500 feet high, and nearly a mile in length, the three sides being formed of a steep rocky precipice quite perpendicular, and as flat as a wall, having at the bottom a thickly-wooded jungle almost impenetrable by man.

A broad zigzag paved road, leading through a massive stone gateway, defended

by turrets and embrasures for cannon forming the entrance, is the only accessible side of this stronghold, which cannot be approached from any other quarter. Cannon had in former times been placed at equal distances all round the parapets, and old Mahratta gun-carriages, of simple form but very strong, were still to be seen at many of the embrasures. Heaps of old guns and shot were lying imbedded in the turf, and also many sculptured Hindoo deities in good preservation.

The table-land is covered with turf, and with many trees bearing a large handsome white flower, palms, and tamarind-trees. There are several wells of good water and a few native huts which, with the bungalow of the collector, and the one we resided in, were the only habitations in the place. The temperature here was very delightful, a strong breeze generally prevailing, and the mornings and evenings were quite cold.

The view from the different sides of the fort is into a deep glen, having a beautiful

green appearance, abounding in monkeys, hares, peacocks, parrots, quail, and a variety of small birds; over them are constantly soaring in the air hundreds of kites and vultures, the report of a gun amongst the rocks tripling their number almost instantaneously, as they are disturbed in their quiet abode. The "chetah," a species of tiger, wild deer, wild hogs, and jungle fowl, are often met with in the adjacent country, where there is plenty of employment for the gun.

At the extreme end of the fort, about fifty yards from it, rises from the bottom of the glen a pyramidal mound, terminating in a straight tapering rock, the top of which ends in a constricted neck which, gradually enlarging towards the summit, forms a knob, having exactly the appearance of the "Peter Bot" in the Isle of France. The height of this monolith, including the mound from which it rises, cannot be less than 1,000 feet, as it is nearly on a level with the fort. A vulture, perched on the summit, often



afforded me a good shot, and a piece of rock being thrown over the precipice into the jungle below, filled the air with its winged inhabitants. We hired at a neighbouring village from forty to fifty coolies, or beaters, at three anas a day each, to accompany us on our excursion, and two "Shikarees," or huntsmen, who have matchlocks, and know the country where to beat for game.

Having proceeded a few miles, we arrived at a deep "nullah," which, during the rains, had been the bed of a torrent, but was now almost dry. Cotton-trees, and prickly pear-trees abounded here, and our coolies, each having a stick, ranged themselves in a line across the valley, beating the jungle as they advanced, and filling the air with their savage yells. We were stationed in advance at the outlets, through which anything they started must pass. The result of all this was that many hares, and a few deer, were started from their hiding-places, affording plenty of sport.

A native standing close to me, under a

very thick tree, called out "mor," "mor," which I did not understand, until a beautiful peacock, emerging from the foliage close to me, took to flight; and, before I was ready with my gun, was too far off for the charge to take effect. I was very sorry as we did not meet with another chance. We fell in with jungle-fowl, quail, and a few other birds, but they were all very wild. About noon, we came to a halt under some high trees by the side of a spring of clear water. Our tiffin, which had been carried by the coolies, was spread on the turf, and, having sent the beaters to their village to "kaunna," we took a siesta until they returned.

At three o'clock, we started off again to try another district, and on entering the fort in the evening found about a dozen monkeys gambolling amongst the ruins, close to our bungalow. Neither of our guns was loaded, and the animals scampered away. A "chetah" was seen prowling about at night near the grounds, which compelled all

the servants to sleep inside, and to shut the doors, instead of lying underneath the verandahs, as they usually did. During our five days' stay, we repeated our excursions which, being in the heat of the day, were very fatiguing; and, if we were not constantly on the "*qui vive*," we missed many good shots. Hares were extremely plentiful, and afforded the best sport. All this time, I completely escaped the mosquito-nuisance, and returned to Bombay very much pleased with my trip.

Just before leaving India, I saw in the "Bombay Times" of the 12th May, 1849, an article headed "Sagagur, or Mahabaleshwar the Lesser," by W. H. P., the insertion of which I trust will not be considered out of place here.

"SAGAGUR, OR MAHABALESHWAR THE LESSER."—This ocean fort (for such is the import of its name) lies about six miles inland of Alibag. It is reached by ascending a small ghaut, somewhat steep, but not of any length. The altitude of the fort

may be computed in round numbers at 1600 feet. The difference of climate between it and the plain averages perhaps somewhere about ten degrees. There are many nice strolls about the place, and various points of interest in connection with its grand and majestic scenery to attract and delight the observer. A commanding view of Poenar and Peim, with the Nagotna river meandering between them, is obtained on the north and east sides.

“The island of Caranjah seems close at hand : on the extreme left, Bombay itself appears in the distance, and Malabar hill is discernable also. The brother islands, Henery and Kenery, lie on the bosom of the ocean, like two plots of sward. Rewerdunda and its river, running to Roha Ushtumee, is also well defined. Indeed every object, whether hill or dale, sea or inland creek, presents itself to the eye of the beholder in clear and well-defined reality. Nature has thrown some heaps of rocks together in fantastic forms in some places, giving a picturesque

appearance to the pile exceedingly fanciful. Several sides of the old fort are awfully precipitous, and make a large demand on the nervous system, when too closely approached.

“The undulating plains below, with their patches of cultivation, intersected by various rivulets, and dotted by clusters of villages extending in all directions to a considerable distance, stand in beautiful contrast with the surrounding hills, and the higher range of mountains behind them—well wooded, and presenting every shade of colour, form a scene of enchanting beauty, and give one’s spirits a buoyancy never felt elsewhere.

“The spot is altogether a delightful one. The air is cool and balmy, and it certainly seems to be a matter of marvel, that, considering its close proximity to Bombay (not more than 20 miles) ‘Sagagur’ should be so little resorted to. There are at present but two houses standing, but many others could be easily run up at a very trifling cost. To such of the denizens of the Presidency whose time, or purse, will not admit of a

visit to the greater, 'Mahabaleshwar, the lesser,'—for such it certainly deserves to be named—offers a very satisfactory substitute, especially to the invalid. I know a fever case which instantly yielded to the genial influences of its bracing atmosphere. Fowls, milk, and eggs are to be had, and there is employment for the gun in abundance. Come to 'Sagagur,' the Ocean Fort."

## CHAPTER X.

Rides around Bombay—Gun-Carriage Manufactory—Cotton Screwing Establishment—Barracks—Lunatic Asylum—Island of Colabah—The Observatory—Malabar Point—A Sacred Village—Scenery and Vegetation—Worlee—Toddy—Fine Causeway—Mahim Fort—Village of Sion—The Governor's House—Seats of the Wealthy—Lall-bag—The Botanical Gardens—Hope Hall—Mazagon—Places worth visiting—Caves of Elephanta—Entertainment given by Viscount Falkland—The Governor's Departure.

THE rides around Bombay are varied and very agreeable: there are excellent roads leading to the different suburbs and villages all over the island. The road to Colabah, which is a separate island joined by a causeway to Bombay, is studded with elegant bungalows on each side. On the left is the gun-carriage manufactory, a large establishment, where all the work is done by natives. They were making some very large carriages to

mount the guns upon the fortifications of Aden; the forges, wheelwrights, carpenters, and smiths' departments are all on a large scale.

Not far from this spot is the extensive cotton-screwing establishment of the Colabah Company. It occupies several large buildings, in some of which the cotton just landed from the pattamars, is deposited. The premises contain twenty-four screws on the ground-floor, each screw being worked with a capstan on the floor above it, by forty naked coolies, who run about shouting, and yelling, with excess of mirth.

The cotton is weighed in scales, 350 lbs. at a time. This is then drawn up to the second floor, and emptied into a broad square iron funnel the size of a bale, at the bottom of which is laid a piece of sacking. At a signal given, the capstan is worked, and the screw, acting with immense power, compresses the cotton into about half its original bulk. Ropes are slipped underneath it to bind it at each end, and it is turned out a compact



square bale, which, being sewed and marked, is ready for shipment. Each screw turns out thirty-two bales a day; but, by paying the men extra wages, they can be increased to seventy. Steam, on account of the price of fuel being dearer than manual labour, would not answer so well. There is another cotton-screwing company, whose warehouses are situated in the fort, in Marine Lane, but they are not so extensive as those just described.

Further on, you observe on the right, the Barracks for the European troops, with the Parade-ground; and, beyond this, is the Lunatic Asylum, a small building, speaking well for the state of mind of so large a population. The native village, an assemblage of wretched-looking mud huts covered with mats and palm-leaves, is a little distance off. A few minutes walk brings you to the extreme end of the Island of Colabah, which terminates in the burial-ground for Europeans, the sea bathing the rocks which form its boundary. Here there is no

green turf to refresh the eye, but a brown, arid, and rocky soil; added to this, the sullen breaking of the waves all around, gives to the place a singularly dreary and sepulchral appearance: near the gates of the burial-ground is the lighthouse, a fine pillar, on the top of which is a flagstaff to telegraph ships as soon as they are seen in the offing.

The Observatory is also connected with the same building. From the top a fine view can be obtained of the harbour, fort, and surrounding country. Returning from Colabah, and cantering over the fine level sands of Back Bay, where sea-bathing can be conveniently had, you pass by Girgaum, where the Hindoos burn their dead on the sands. This always takes place in the evening, when the smoke may be seen afar off. Leaving the sands, you proceed along a road one side of which faces the sea, and the other is overhung by high cliffs covered with trees and interspersed with bungalows, one of them being a sort of "*pied à terre*" for the Governor.

The extreme end of this road is called Malabar Point, on which is erected a flag-staff to communicate signals to the fort. Here is the sacred village of "Walkeshwur," which you enter by a gateway, but are obliged to dismount and leave your horse outside, animals not being allowed to defile the place; everything is sacred; each tree is walled round at the lower part of the trunk. A steep paved road leads down to a large square tank, with flights of stone steps occupying the entire breadth of each side, and reaching down to the water, which was low and very green looking.

A road extends all round the tank, on one side of which the houses are built, giving the village the appearance of a large square surrounding a reservoir. Pagodas, temples, and altars, meet the eye in every direction. In front of one pagoda was a large stone bull: another had upwards of one hundred bells of all sizes hanging up over the entrance, and bunches of peacock's feathers, both associated with Hindoo

worship. The bells, from their irregularity in size and shape, appear to be the gift of different persons. Faqueers were sitting about, and Brahmins, painted all over white, were in one temple. People of low caste are not allowed to live here. On leaving the village, I saw four girls squatting down, beating time to some music of a harsh discordant sound, produced by brass instruments. This place is said to be a great curiosity, and well repays one for a visit.

Returning from Malabar Point, you take the road to Breach Candy, a favourite drive amongst the residents of Bombay. The scenery here is very magnificent; on one side are dark rocks, over which the sea is continually breaking; and, on the other, groves of cocoa-nut, bananas, and other tropical trees, overspreading the road with their luxuriant foliage, form a delightful cool avenue, protected from the sun, and fanned by the refreshing sea-breeze.

A few miles further on, is the village of Worlee, from whence to Mahim, the road

lies through cocoa-nut groves, several miles in extent, having on each side the seats of the wealthy natives. I think this part is the most picturesque in the whole island, and here early in the morning the natives can be seen climbing by the aid of notches to the top of the tall palm-trees, armed with a sharp axe, with which they make an incision, and out gushes the toddy into a large jar, the same process being repeated every day. This toddy must be drunk soon after it is drawn, and then it is a very agreeable, innocent beverage; but, if allowed to stand several hours, it becomes acid, and ferments; its properties then become intoxicating. The toddy brought into the fort and retailed for a trifle, is not to be compared to drinking it fresh from the tree. The annual tax paid to government for each cocoa-nut tree in India is two rupees, by which means a great revenue is collected. The trees that yield toddy will not produce nuts at the same time.

The road approaching to Mahim is called Lady Jamsetjee Jeejeebhoy's road, several small pillars at different distances bearing that inscription. This leads to the causeway constructed at great cost, to join the island of Bombay to the island of Salsette, separated from each other by an arm of the sea, not navigable. The causeway, continuous with the main road, is nearly a mile long, and is of immense benefit to the population. At the entrance, a stone monument, with a suitable inscription in English and Hindostanee, records the munificence of Sir Jamsetjee Jeejeebhoy, at whose expense it was constructed. Mahim Fort, built by the Portuguese, is washed by an arm of the sea, and is now dismantled, being left in the charge of an old sergeant, who has long been the sole resident.

The walls and parapets are in pretty good condition; from them a good view can be obtained of the surrounding country. At the sergeant's house, which has in front

a neat garden, oysters are to be had, the shells of which are so thick and rugged, that they look more like pieces of rock, and require breaking with a hammer. The contents are very good, and picnic parties to eat oysters at Mahim Fort are not unfrequent.

Invalids often stay a few weeks in apartments in the sergeant's house, to enjoy the pure air of the country. Unluckily for me the sergeant was absent, so that I could not gather much information about the history of the fort; but my guide pointed out to me a large vaulted room, now used as a store, where formerly a number of prisoners were confined, and left to die, their remains being found by accident a long time afterwards. A few pattamars and fishing-boats come up to Mahim, which forms the extreme end of the island with Sion, distant about two miles, by a bridle road across paddy-fields.

At Sion, a causeway, similar to the one at Mahim, unites Bombay to Salsette, this

being the direct road from the fort across the island. Sion village and fort appear to have been once of some consequence, judging from the ruins of a fine Portuguese church, and other old buildings; but they are now seldom visited. The distance from Bombay to Salsette is nine miles. On your return, you pass through the village of Matoonga, where a fine tank, with a Hindoo temple opposite, arrest the attention. I alighted, and was allowed to look in and inspect the temple, which was filled with triple-headed idols, bulls, and other objects of Pagan worship, a few pice rewarding the man, who followed me to the road with salaams until I was out of sight.

The road from Matoonga passes at the back of Parel House, the seat of the governor, about five miles from the fort. A large reservoir of water separates it from the main road, the thick trees almost screening the house from view. Another road leads to the entrance gates, where a long avenue, planted on each side with lofty trees,



brings you in front of the residence, which is surrounded with garden-grounds : a guard of sepoy is stationed opposite. The house has a comfortable appearance, but is not otherwise striking.

Of the interior, I shall have a few words to say hereafter. From Parel, the road continues to Bycullah, studded on each side with the seats of the wealthy English and native gentlemen ; amongst the latter, Lowjee castle, and Lall-Bag are the most remarkable. "Lall-Bag," meaning *Red Garden*, from the quantity of red paint used to decorate the walls, is the seat of the rich Parsee merchant, Dadeboy Pestonjee, who invited me to come and see the mansion. He took me all over the house, which is very large and delightfully cool, with a most extensive view on all sides. The drawing and sitting-rooms are all furnished after the English fashion, with a great profusion of ornaments, shells, and curiosities, almost giving them the aspect of a museum. Painted wooden soldiers, in English uniforms, as large as life, are standing

up at the end of the verandahs, and on each side of the hall, which at first sight rather startled me.

The grounds behind are extensive, containing many neat cottages for the dependants, and shaded with thickly-planted trees and creepers forming different walks entirely screened from the rays of the sun. The flower-garden in front of the house is prettily laid out, with large porcelain vases containing choice flowers, and parterres, with gravel-walks between. The Lall-Bag mangoes are celebrated as the finest in the island. I was not asked to take any refreshment, which after a five miles' drive in the sun would have been acceptable, and I had almost a mind to turn the conversation upon mangoes. This did not give me a high opinion of oriental hospitality, which among our countrymen in the East is so leading a feature, that the Parsees, who imitate us in most things, would do well to include the practice of it towards their English visitors.

From Lall-Bag, a road to the left takes

you to the Botanical Gardens, which from not knowing the name the natives call them by, I had some difficulty in finding out. They are in the direction of Mazagon, and are open all day to visitors. The grounds which are extensive, are kept in first-rate order, and contain all sorts of plants, flowers, and trees in great perfection, offering to the botanist at one view all the varied productions of the East. Everything was fresh and verdant, but the fragrance of English flowers was wanting, those of the East having scarcely any odour. Leaving the Gardens, I passed on the right, the seat of the Parsee Knight, and on the left, Hope Hall, a large kind of hotel, or rather boarding-house, for the accommodation of families, or individuals visiting Bombay, the only place, besides the British hotel, where they can reside.

Mazagon is famous for producing the best mangoes. The native town is in a most filthy state; beyond it are many pretty bungalows surrounded with gardens. A large portion of the natives live by fishing.

The Mazagon fishing-boats are very fast sailers, and recently a yacht, the "Wave," has been built after their model, with which no fore-and-aft rigged vessel in the Bombay Yacht Club can compete.

I visited a fine Portuguese church of which there are several in the island. They are adorned in a peculiarly light and gaudy style, and have no pews, the people kneeling down on the ground against chairs. The Portuguese are a numerous class, mostly descended from the original conquerors of these parts, and from Goa. They are quite as dark as the Hindoos, but are easily distinguished by their features, and European dress. Most of them are clerks in merchants' or public offices, medical dispensers, and butlers. Many of them return annually to Goa, where their families reside.

The dockyard and offices of the Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Company are at Mazagon. The docks will admit the largest steamers to undergo repairs, &c. Extensive warehouses for the reception of mer-

chandize, and the company's stores are erected here, the steamers lying off them during their stay in the harbour. From Mazagon, passing through a number of dirty, narrow streets, you come to the extreme end of the esplanade, pass by the Sepoy lines, and arrive at the fort.

I have thus given an account of the whole island of Bombay, beginning at Colabah which is the first suburb on the right of the fort, and gradually drawing round to the opposite side of the island, and back to Mazagon on the left side of the fort. The most interesting places within an easy distance of Bombay, which every stranger should visit, are Gora Bunder, and the ruins of Bassein, the cave temples of Canara, in the island of Salsette, and the caves of Elephanta, in the island of the same name. The trip to Bassein, *viâ* Gora Bunder, can be performed in a bunder-boat in two days, there and back; that to the Canara caves in one or two days, including a visit to Tannah, the capital of Northern Concan, a very pretty town.

I visited these places as I returned from the Deccan, when an account of them will

be given. I frequently went to Elephanta which is only an hours' sail from the New Bunder, and the favorite resort of pic-nic parties. Elephanta, called by the natives Gara-pori, is seven miles from Bombay, and five miles from the Mahratta shore. It is six miles in circumference, and is composed of two hills, with a valley between. Of this island, and its curiosities, Grose, who visited them, gives the following account:—

“It consists of all hill, at the foot of which as you land, you see just above the shore on your right, an elephant, coarsely cut out in stone, of the natural bigness, and at some little distance, not impossible to be taken for a real elephant, from the stone being naturally of the colour of that beast. It stands on a platform of stones of the same colour. On the back of this elephant was placed, standing, another young one appearing to have been all of the same stone, but has been long broken down. Of the meaning or history of this image, there is no tradition old enough to give any account.

“Returning then to the foot of the hill, you ascend an easy slant, which about half-way up the hill brings you to the opening or portal of a large cavern, hewn out of a solid rock, into a magnificent temple; for such surely it may be termed, considering the immense workmanship of such an excavation, and seems to me a far more bold attempt than that of the pyramids of Egypt.

“There is a fair entrance into this subterraneous temple, which is an oblong square, in length about 135 feet by 120 broad. The roof is nothing but the rock cut flat at top, and in which I could not discern anything that did not show it to be all of one piece. It is about eighteen feet high, and supported towards the middle at equi-distance from the sides, and from one another, with three rows of pillars of a singular order, seven in each row. Just facing the entrance are two rows of four pilasters each: many of these are broken and defaced. They are very massive, short

in proportion to their thickness, and their capital bears some resemblance to a round cushion pressed by the superincumbent mountain, with which they are also one piece.

“At the farther end of this temple is a gigantic three-headed figure, seventeen feet high, the face of one of them being five feet in length, and of a proportionable breadth. They represent the Hindoo Trimurti, or Trinity of “Brahma, Vishnu and Shiva.” The face on the right hand to the entrance is Shiva, holding a cobra di capella; in the middle, is Brahma having round his neck a necklace of round stones; the figure on the left has fine ringlets; he holds a lotus. The three-headed god has on each side gigantic statues, reaching from the ground almost to the roof, well executed and in tolerable preservation: the elaborate alto-relievos carved on the walls of the solid rock near them, in which are mixed groups of men and women, elephants, and all sorts of things, have been much mutilated.

“All this had continued in a pretty good



state of preservation and wholeness, considering the remoteness of their antiquity, until the arrival of the Portuguese, who made themselves masters of the place; and, in the blind fury of their bigotry, not suffering any idols but their own, they must have been at some pains to maim and deface them as they now remain, considering the hardness of the stone. It is said they even brought field-pieces to the demolition of images, which so greatly deserved to be spared for the unequalled curiosity of them. Of this, Queen Catherine of Portugal was, it seems, so sensible, that she could not conceive that any traveller would return from that side of India without visiting the wonders of this cavern, of which the sight appeared to me to exceed all the descriptions I had heard of them.

“About two-thirds of the way up this temple on each side, and fronting each other, are two doors, or outlets, into smaller grottoes, or excavations, and freely open to the air. Near and about the doorway, on the

right hand, are several mutilated images, single and in groups. In one of the last, I remarked a kind of resemblance to the story of Solomon dividing the child, there standing a figure with a drawn sword, holding in one hand an infant with the head downwards, which it appears in the act to cleft through the middle.

“ The outlet of the other, on the left hand, is into an area of about twenty feet in length, and twelve in breadth; at the upper end of which, as you turn to the right, presents itself a colonnade covered at top, of ten or twelve feet deep, and in length answering to the breadth of the area; this joins to an apartment of the most regular architecture and oblong square, with a door in perfect symmetry; and the whole executed in quite a contrary taste and manner from any of the oldest or best Gentoo buildings any where extant. I took particular notice of some paintings round the cornices, not for anything curious in the designs, but for the beauty and freshness of the colouring,

which must have lasted some thousands of years, on supposing it, as there is all reason to suppose it, contemporary with the building itself. The floor of the apartment is generally full of water; its pavement a ground-work, not permitting it to be drawn off, or soaked up."

Near the middle of the right-hand side of the main cave is a square apartment, with an opening on each side reached by ascending six steps. On each side of the steps at each opening stands a colossal figure of some god, about fifteen feet high. In the middle stands a plain stone erection called a Deghop, often met with in these temples, on which the native women perform some superstitious rites to avoid sterility, during certain festivals, when thousands of them flock to the caves, and live in them for several days.

Still further to the right, is the entrance to a subterraneous passage, with deep clear water. A friend of mine, prompted by curiosity, once swam some hundred feet

up this passage with a lighted candle, but could not see the end of the excavation. Snakes and other reptiles are often met with in some of these dark recesses. Even the cavern itself is not visitable after the rains, until the ground has had time to dry into competent hardness. Different writers, according to their general notions on the subject of Indian antiquities, have adopted very different opinions relative to the age of this magnificent excavation ; some referring it to the most remote age,—others attributing it to a much more recent period. Colonel Tod considers that the noblest remains of sacred architecture, throughout Western India, are of Boodh, or Jain origin, and assigns to the first temple of Dwarka, now sacred to Krishna, an antiquity of 1,200 years before Christ.

For a full description and views of these celebrated caves of Elephanta, see an account of them by Mr. Erskine, in the Transactions of the Bombay Literary Society, vol. 1; Basil Hall's "Fragments of Travel;"

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fine view of the Khandalla hills in the distance.

In the hall were drawn up on each side, a row of the governor's body guard, with their glittering uniforms of silver and light blue. The numerous guests were introduced by an aid-de-camp into the drawing-room, when, at ten o'clock, breakfast being announced, every person following the governor into the dining-room, took his seat at a table of great length, over which a punkah is suspended.

The governor was in plain clothes, and took his station at the middle of the table, between the bishop and judge. I happened by chance to take a seat just opposite to him, of which I was not aware until I had asked my neighbour where the governor was, not dreaming of his immediate proximity. Almost all the visitors, in number about one hundred and forty, were either in civil or military uniforms, principally of the Company's service, the great variety of which had a pleasing effect. Fish, curry, chops, fowls, oranges, bananas, pine-apples,

with tea and coffee, were served up by the attendants who wait behind each person's chair, and are nearly all Parsees.

There was an absence of all ceremonious stiffness, conversation being carried on with vivacity until the repast was ended, when everybody rose and re-entered the drawing room. The Governor, whose affability and easy manner, were most striking, conversed freely with the different groups who, gradually withdrawing, entered their carriages, cabs, or shigrams, as they drew up in their turn to the steps, and soon left Parel house to its usual quiet retirement. The governor having reviewed the garrison a few days after on the esplanade, where, mounted on an Arab charger, in his full dress uniform of blue and silver, he appeared to great advantage, departed with his suite, for Mahabaleshwar, amidst salutes of cannon from the batteries.

\* See Appendix. A day in the governor's house.

## CHAPTER XI.

Journey to Poona—Traveller's Bungalows—Mazagon Dinghy—The Panwell River—Departure for Chouk—Sorry Fare—Hill Fort of Purbul—Burning the Dead—Huts of the Natives—Route to Kandallah—Caravan on the Road—Arrival at Kapoolee—The Dhurmsala—Herds of Buffaloes—Scenery of the Ghauts—Pass of the Bor Ghaut—Beautiful Sunrise—The Toll-collector—An intelligent Parsee—Ascent of the Ghauts—Magnificent View—Arrival at Kandallah—Visit to the Bazaar—Vast Chasm—Monument to John Graham, Esq.,—Village of Karli—Hill Forts of Esapoor and Lohagurh—Beautiful Cave—Temple of Karli—Wargaum—Tulligaum—Poona.

Being anxious during my limited stay in India, to see something of the interior of the country, and the cave temple of Karli in the Ghauts, I determined on a journey to Poona on horseback, returning by way of Callian, Tannah, Bassein, and the caves of Canara. I could not speak a word of



Hindustanee, nor Mahratta, more useful still, and my gourawallah, who was to accompany me on foot, as is the custom, did not speak, or understand, a word of English, signs being the only mode I had of communicating with him.

I placed my chief dependence on the traveller's bungalows, erected by government at equal distances along the main road, where a butler in charge provides refreshments, beds, and speaks a little English. This mode of travelling presented some difficulties which I might have avoided, by taking the steamer from Bombay to Panwell, and there the mail phaeton that reaches Poona in a day without stopping at Kali. The rapid travelling, the principal part during the night, would not answer my purpose, as the scenery in the Ghauts, the habits of the people, and the objects of interest on the road, must be lost sight of.

I therefore engaged a large Mazagon dinghy to take myself, horse, and gourawallah to Panwell, the principal place of

intercourse between Bombay and the Mahratta shore, the distance, embarking at low water being generally performed in from four to six hours.

I left the Boree Bunder at nearly half flood, which delay caused me to make a long passage, the tide having run down so much when we arrived in the Panwell river, that we could not proceed, and were forced to anchor until the flood. This was rather an awkward beginning, as it prevented me from seeing much of the river and town of Panwell, night soon coming on. At the entrance of the Gaudeh, or Panwell river, Belapoor is on the north, and Woolwa is on the south bank. On each side are the remains of a small fort in ruins: a few natives in canoes each cut out of a single tree, propelled by paddles, passed up and down, and my boatmen having had their kaunna, lighted their hubble-bubble, a common sort of hookah, out of which they all draw a few whiffs in their turn, seldom being without it.

At nine, we weighed, and, there being very

little wind, pulled up the river. A large bunder-boat brilliantly lighted inside, and filled with Parsees, impelled by a great many rowers, having the look of a pleasure party, passed up, and soon after the daily steamer from Bombay. We arrived at the Panwell Bunder at eleven. It was quite dark; crowds of natives lined the quay, and the tide not having risen enough to make the boat approach close to the landing steps, I had great difficulty in getting the horse on shore, and, as to making any body understand that I wanted a couple of planks to lay down from the boat to the steps, that was quite out of the question.

The darkness prevented me from seeing anything of Panwell, but the traveller's bungalow, where I had tea, and, having procured a coolie to carry my baggage, which he does on his head, at a very moderate charge fixed by law, I started in the dead of the night, for Chouk, the next station, distant twelve miles, where we arrived before sunrise.

The traveller's bungalow is on an emi-

nence a little way from the road. I went to bed without mosquito-curtains, which are not required here, and got up to breakfast with a good appetite; otherwise, I should have found more fault with the fare, consisting in nothing but "sudden death," which means a young chicken about a month old, caught, killed, and grilled, at the shortest notice, the most common dish in India; bread that comes all the way from Poona, and so hard that I could scarcely bite it, bad tea, with brown sugar in a tumbler with a mustard spoon; all this want of comfort is owing to many people passing through Chouk without stopping, which prevents any stock of things from being kept.

The price of all the meals and articles supplied is specified on a paper hung up in each room, and is paid to the landlord, who farms the entire line, and keeps a butler at each. The rupee a day, which each traveller is charged for the use of the room, goes to government, at whose expense these places were built, and are kept up. None

but gentlemen and their families can use these apartments, and no person can stay longer than three days in each, unless they are not required by fresh comers. Everybody must inscribe his name and rank in a book, and there is another book for complaints.

Chouk is a large populous village, having but one European resident, a sergeant of roads. A hot wind was blowing all day, but, towards sunset, I sallied out with the butler to see the bazaar, and environs. Three miles from hence stands the old hill fort of Purbul, now dismantled. The dark granite rock has exactly the appearance, in the distance, of an old castle perched on the top of a hill; a tank containing water is still there. Crossing a sort of common, we saw a number of detached stones painted red, a sign of their having been recently worshipped. On this ground, the dead are *burned* by those who can afford to buy the fuel, which is considered by far the most respectful. Water-pots, &c., are placed over the spot where poor people are *buried*.

In the bazaar a crowd of females were sitting around two others. One of these was having fitted on, and filed to the size of her toes, two thick white metal rings for each foot, worn only by married women. Returning through the village, I entered a guard-house, where lived with their families six men of the Ghaut light Infantry, a local corps of native troops, a kind of gendarmerie. Near this was a Parsee retailer of spirits and liquors. I tasted several kinds, which were very strong but disagreeable, and left them for the butler to drink, of which I had some reason to repent, as they flew to his head and disposed him to be rather quarrelsome before I left.

The huts of the natives are constructed of mud, or straw, with cowdung floors. Many of these poor people live by making pottery which is seen drying in the sun all round their habitations. The butler brought me the head of a tiger he had shot a week before, which he found crouching against the wall of the bungalow. With a hammer

and chisel, I tried to extract the two large tusks, but could not succeed, from their being so deeply rooted. He would be paid twenty-five rupees by the government on taking the head to the proper authorities.

From Chouk to Kandalla, the next station, is eighteen miles, passing through Kapoollee at the foot of the Ghauts, which you should reach early, to ascend these mountains before sunrise. I left Chouk at two in the morning, and on the road, passed innumerable quantities of pack-bullocks with bells round their necks, each carrying two bags of rice, grain, or different produce from the interior to Panwell. The troop is generally preceded by a Brahminy bull, his horns painted red, and otherwise ornamented, having no load. After these, come long strings of light carts, with wheels of solid wood, drawn by a single bullock, the driver sitting on the shafts. Each cart is loaded with two bales of cotton, on which the wife of the driver is often seen reclining. All these created an intolerable dust, that

was only escaped from, to be again met with. Occasionally, I found these caravans bivouacking by the side of the road.

The bullocks were taken out to graze and water, the bales of cotton were piled up in rows, and all the people on the ground, were either asleep or at their meals. The tinkling of so many bells, and the howling of the jackalls in the jungle, have a dismal effect in a dark night, when suddenly the shrill horn of the mail phaeton passing by at a rapid pace, aroused me from my reverie.

I noticed that all the huts along the road have a lamp burning during the night, and many of the natives sleep outside their houses on low bedsteads, or rather a wooden frame covered with coarse rope net work, about a foot from the ground, made by themselves.

I reached Kapoollee at five, and was most agreeably surprised to find a man ask me if I would take mutton-chops and hot coffee for breakfast, to which I gladly acceded. He



conducted me to the Dhurmsala, a building found in every village in India, erected by some pious Hindoos as a resting-place for travellers, and large in proportion to the traffic of the place. This one contains several apartments, one of which is kept cleaner than the others, and water, towel, and chair being soon brought me, I was able to get rid of some of the night's dust, when I saw spread out on the ground my unexpected breakfast, of hot mutton-chops, coffee, and a substitute for bread, not unlike thick pancakes.

Herds of buffaloes were grazing all round the Dhurmsala, and I was much amused by seeing the crows perching on their backs as thick as they could stand from one on each horn down to the tail, without the animals taking the least notice of the intruders; I counted from twelve to fifteen crows on several. As soon as one flew away, another settled in its place.

Kapoollee is situated in a level plain at the very foot of the Ghauts, by which it is

almost encircled, the steep sides of the mountain appearing almost perpendicular. Their general aspect about this spot is arid, without much vegetation, which improves as you advance further.

The pass of the Bor Ghaut is the most celebrated in India both for the beauty of its scenery and the advantages it confers. It extends from Kapoolee at the foot, to Khandalla at the top of the Ghauts, a distance of six miles, by a fine military road, cut zigzag through the rocks, which were blasted with gunpowder, and form on each side a high precipitous natural wall, covered with the holes that were bored for the insertion of gunpowder. This pass, which was formerly a mere path of difficult access, was constructed at a great expense by government, and is the high-road of communication from the Deccan to the sea-coast, invaluable both for commercial and military purposes.

A little distance from Kapoolee, on the left, almost hidden amongst thick mangoe-

trees, is a beautiful tank and pagoda: from the latter a little naked boy darted out, and, running up with many salaams, presented me with a bouquet of flowers. Here the ascent begins, and dismounting I performed the whole of it on foot. As I advanced, the view of the sun rising over the distant mountains was extremely grand and picturesque. The atmosphere was clear, and the air cool and invigorating. Flights of parrots, the chirping of countless birds, the noise of guanoses, lizards and snakes gliding through the grass or along the rocks, formed, with the tinkling of the bells around the necks of the pack-bullocks, and the songs of the native drivers, echoing amongst the rocks, a scene of most delightful novelty, well repaying me for the trouble of reaching it.

About half-way up are a few huts, and above them a strong stone bridge of two small arches crosses a deep nullah. During the rains, the bed of a vast torrent, but now only a thin stream of pure water,

trickles down from rock to rock, the jungle on each side soon concealing its course from the view. I saw a group of natives, who offered me some toddy, which I supposed could not be fresh, as there were no coconut trees near, but at last I was made to understand that it came from a small tree close by, called the Marri tree, which was pointed out to me: I drank some, but did not like it so well as the genuine article I had been accustomed to.

Two-thirds of the way up, on the left-side of the road, is the *chokee*, or toll-collector's house, a toll being paid by everybody passing through. This separates the Concan from the Deccan. The road here is crowded with bullock-carts and natives, all waiting to pay the dues. Most of them were armed with a *tirwal*, or Mahratta sword, or a strong spear, to protect themselves against wild beasts and robbers, during their long journey from Hyderabad, or other parts, from whence the produce is brought. An intelligent Parsee, who speaks

English, with a few sepoy, collects the revenue, being constantly occupied night and day. I sate down, and had half-an-hour's conversation with him, obtaining information on many points I required.

The toll for a palanquin is one rupee—carriage, one rupee—buffalo, half-anas—bullock-cart, with two wheels, half-anas—horse, one anas. Palanquins are to be had at the beginning of the Pass, and, as I was toiling up the mountain, one went by me with its lazy inmate at a quick pace. The road beyond the toll is less steep, and winds along the edge of a deep, broad gully, covered with jungle, wild fig-trees, bearing a very tasteless fruit, a sweet-scented white flower, like jasmine, and many others I had not time to examine. On the other side, which is overhung by high rocks, are several low caves, extending underneath to some distance, that do not appear to have been made any use of.

Having at length arrived at the summit of the Ghaut, and fairly entered on the table

land of the Deccan, the view in every direction was magnificent. Chains of mountains towering one above the other, formed the entire landscape. The change of climate on reaching this elevation, several thousand feet above the plains of the Concan, I had left but a few hours before, was quite exhilarating; but the sun, sending down his rays with great power, reminded me of its being time to avoid them, and I reached Khandalla by ten o'clock, having been three hours in making the ascent.

Khandalla is a place of some consequence, and also of resort for families wishing to enjoy the scenery of the Ghauts; Sir Jamsetjee Jeejeebhoy, and several others have a seat there, and bungalows can be hired by those who wish to make any stay.

The traveller's bungalow is also much larger and better than that at any of the other stations, as most people remain a day or two amongst these unrivalled hills. The native Dhurmsala is built like barracks, and would contain more than a thousand people,

with room for their cattle in the middle. Near this is a large tank of fine clear water, supplied from springs, very deep in some parts where there are weeds under the surface. I bathed in it, and found my feet touching these weeds which made me regain the steps; and, on returning to the bungalow, was told that every year some recruits bathing in it on march, are drowned from getting entangled with these weeds.

Strolling about the bazaar, I bought some fruit, and for the first time saw cowries used for money, some being given to me for change. A man offered me for a few anas some monster beans, a yard long, found in the neighbouring forests. I nearly turned him away, not knowing at the time that they were considered a great curiosity, a snuff-box being made out of each seed, which is hard and polished like mahogany.

A quarter of a mile from the bungalow is one of the principal views for which Khandailla is so famous. The hills, as far as the eye can reach, seem cleft asunder leaving

between the two a deep wide chasm, the sides of which are quite perpendicular, and covered from top to bottom with the thickest jungle of a bright green hue. Standing on the edge of the precipice, I threw several large stones down the side, and could hear the sudden rushing of animals disturbed by the noise from their inaccessible retreat.

This chasm extends many miles in a straight direction, widening gradually from a few hundred yards to as many thousand, and is evidently the result of some great convulsion of nature. Two European soldiers once ventured down to the bottom, but could not get back, and were nearly starved to death, when means were taken to rescue them from their dangerous predicament.

Returning to the bungalow, I saw on an isolated piece of ground an obelisk, with a suitable epitaph, erected to the memory of John Graham, Esq., Deputy-Postmaster-General of Bombay, who died in 1839, at the age of thirty-four years. The monument, from its solitary position in the midst of



such romantic scenery, had a most striking effect.

Having slept at Khandalla, I left it with regret the next morning at five for Karli, seven miles farther, which I reached by seven, in time for breakfast. Karli is a very small village, celebrated for the splendid cave temple situated a mile from it. In front, the hill forts of Esapoor and Lohagurh rise majestically above the surrounding scenery, and, although difficult of ascent, are well worth visiting. I was prevented by the excessive heat from attempting it, but the butler, a very intelligent man, who had served in the army during the last Mahratta war, informed me that Esapoor is now dismantled, and Lohagurh is still kept up with a garrison of twelve sepoy, and a havildar, the guns being mounted as before. This fort belonged to a Sirdar of the Peishwa, who had in it 3000 sepoy.

After the taking of Poona, in 1818, a division of the British army appeared before it. The Sirdar fired two guns, and a third

burst whilst the man was looking to see if it was loaded; the Sirdar then ran away, and abandoned to the British a place almost impregnable, and not unlike Gibraltar in height and appearance.

Near the traveller's bungalow is a large brick building for the accommodation of soldiers, when on march; it will hold about three hundred. I took a guide to conduct me to the cave. The road lay across paddy-fields until you arrive at a tank at the foot of a chain of Ghauts, which completely encircle the plain all around like an amphitheatre.

Ascending the hill by a steep tortuous path, over rocks, with a few steps sometimes cut in them, when about half-way up, the entrance to the temple bursts suddenly upon the sight. Passing under a gateway, over which is erected a square stone room containing drums, trumpets, gongs, and bells, for the performance of sacred music during festivals, a dozen men being paid by the Company for that purpose, you have on

the right a pagoda in which I saw an old Faqueer, who had lost all his fingers from disease. He asked for alms, which I promised to send him, having no silver with me.

In front of this is a lofty portico, supported at the entrance by two high octagonal pillars. The walls are all covered with sculptures of men and women, as large as life, and on each side project the trunks, heads, and fore-legs of three elephants, of great size and well executed, carved, like all the rest, out of the solid rock; two of the trunks only remain entire. Several inscriptions, in a character and language unknown, appear on the pillars, and on different parts of the portico; they are as legible as if done a few years ago.

From the portico a small door leads you at once into the grand cave, which at first appears almost like magic, and surpasses anything I had ever imagined. Elephanta, or any other cave temple, I have since visited, cannot compare with it, and probably those only at Ellora may be superior.

The general outline resembles an old gothic cathedral. On each side is a row of eighteen pillars, supporting an arched roof, lined with ribs of teak wood. The pillars are octagonal, with round bases. The first fifteen are surmounted by two elephants, each having on his back, a male and female figure with their arms entwined. On the other side of the elephants, out of sight, are two horses couchant, which would have escaped my observation, had not a native called me behind the pillar where it is almost dark, to point them out.

The height of the temple is about fifty feet, its length one hundred and twenty, and its breadth from pillar to pillar twenty-four feet; but, as a passage twelve feet broad extends on each side behind them, from one end of the cave to the other, the extreme breadth over all is forty-eight feet.

At the farther extremity is a large solid stone structure, round, and the upper part shaped like a dome, the circumference of which is forty feet. This dome is sur-

mounted with a pedestal, narrow at the base, and becoming gradually broader like an inverted pyramid. In this is fixed a large open umbrella made of strong teak-wood reaching very nearly to the roof. This sort of altar is called a "Deghop," and is found in most all the cave temples of Jain origin. Innumerable large bats are hanging from the roof, or flying about, and a species of squirrel, with vertical black and grey stripes, is continually running along the walls, producing a very lively effect. This place being excavated out of the solid rock, from which also are formed the pillars, sculptures, and deghop, the whole temple may be considered as one single solid structure, with the exception of the teak umbrella, all in one piece.

A few yards to the left of the portico are some wells of clear water, one of which runs under a subterraneous passage, and near them are large square excavations, like rooms, one above the other, an old ladder being the only means of ascending to the

upper one. In each of these are about twenty little dark rooms placed all round, all having a stone seat. These appear to have been the separate chambers of the priests belonging to the temple. Here everything is plain, without sculptures, or inscriptions.

As these few remarks made hastily on the spot, may not give a sufficiently accurate description of this most interesting temple, I have subjoined the following extract from Bird's "Caves of Western India."

"The cave of Karli, situated on the western face of a hill one mile and a half on the left of the road leading from Bombay to Poona, is the finest specimen of a Bouddha Cathedral which can be met with. It is excavated in 'Amygdaloid trap,' and is vaulted. It is in a high state of preservation, about 120 feet long by 24 broad, between 50 and 60 feet high, having its roof ribbed by thin boards corresponding to the shape of the vault. A row of pillars,

whose capitals are ornamented with elephants, extend down each side of the cave, and meet at the further extremity where there is a stone deghop, surmounted by a wooden umbrella of an oblong shape.

“In front of the excavation, the rock has been formed into a portico, from which we enter it by door-ways, some of which are now blocked up: and, anterior to the whole, are several modern erections, one of which on the right, is a small temple dedicated to Bhavani. Within the area of the portico, there is a column, or needle, surmounted by lions bearing the inscription as given, which is a dedication to the sun. On the left and right at entering the portico, there is a recess where three gigantic elephants are sculptured, bearing on their necks figures of Bouddha; all around are figures and statues of males and females, with different inscriptions.

“There are several smaller caves for the former attendants of the temple, on the left-hand side of the great cave. The

inscriptions on these temples are in a language, neither pure Pali, nor Sanscrit, though approaching sufficiently near either to be intelligible through their medium. The character in which it is written differs but little from that of inscriptions on 'asokas' pillars, which was in use we know during the third century B. C. ; to this class belong Karli, Canari, Aurungabad, Nassik, Junir, Ellora.

"The large excavation, at Canari, near Bombay, is further distinguished by having in front of it, on a ledge of the mountain, several small *mounds*, or burying-places of 'Rahats', or saints, who were tenants of the caves. One of these I opened in 1839, and found two copper urns containing human ashes. In one of the urns was a small gold box, containing a fragment of white cotton rag, with a pearl, a ruby, and some small pieces of gold ; in the other, was a silver box with the ashes."

I left Karli at sunset for Wargaon, the next station, distant twelve miles, passing



through Kurkala, a small village where I stopped to get some milk. After some discussion as to what I should drink it out of, they got an earthenware vessel which I paid for, as no Hindoo would use it after me, since it would be defiled. The same thing happened every time I had milk on the road. A traveller should always carry a copper or pewter vessel with him, as the Hindoos all do, one caste not drinking out of a lota used by another caste.

At Kurkala, the river Indrawnee is met with, winding along near the road-side as far as Wargaon, where I slept, as well as the howling of jackalls, barking of dogs outside, and fluttering of bats about the room would allow of. I left Wargaon at five a.m., intending to reach Poona, a distance of twenty-four miles, the same night, stopping during the heat of the day at the intermediate station of Poonowla. I met on the road near Tulligaon a string of camels, two and two, all with bells tied round their necks, and carrying merchandize on their backs.

There were about twenty; and, although commonly used as beasts of burden in India, these were the first I had ever seen on the road.

Tulligaon is a prettily-situated town on the left, five miles from Wargaon, at which place two English gentlemen, taken at Wargaon in the war of 1817-18, by a body of the Peishwa's horse, were barbarously executed. These officers were on their road to join their regiment, not being aware that hostilities had already commenced. Here a road branches off to Chinchoor, distant nine miles and a half, the residence of a person who, enjoying the distinction of an hereditary incarnation of the Hindoo deity "Gunesch," is worshipped by one of the most numerous of the Hindoo sects, the Gunputyas, and is hence known by the appellation of *Living God*.

A few miles farther on, the road branches off into two directions, the milestone pointing out the left as the road to Kirkee, and the right to Poonowla, both leading to

Poona, the first being the new road, the other the old one. As I had no means of knowing which was the right one to pursue, I decided on the latter; that turned out to be the wrong one, as the traveller's bungalow had been removed to the new road; and the old one, not being much used, was infested with robbers. I found all this out when I arrived at Poonowla, where the old bungalow was shut up and deserted.

A messenger was sent off across country to the new bungalow, and I had in a few hours the satisfaction of seeing the butler who came with provisions, suspecting I had taken the wrong road as several before me had done. He advised me still to come over to the new road, on account of the robbers, who had stopped him a few days before, and taken his money; but I preferred running the gauntlet to retracing my steps, trusting to the fear there exists in India of molesting an Englishman, which prevails even amongst highwaymen.

There are at Poonowla the ruins of an old

fort, and a stream of limpid water running over a bed of rocks, with several pagodas built by its side, give to the place a very pretty effect. A dull, lonely ride through a flat, barren country brought me into the new road, a mile from Poona; and, crossing a long bridge over the deep bed of a river almost dried up, I arrived late at night at the traveller's bungalow, which is in the environs of the camp of Poona; all Englishmen, civil or military, living in the cantonments, a mile from the city, which is occupied only by natives.

## CHAPTER XII.

Hospitality at Poona—The Reverend H. Cassidy—Badjee-Row, the ex-Peishwa—Some account of the Capital of the Mahratta Empire—The Native City—The Sanscrit College—Interior of the Palace—Government Schools—Delightful Climate—A Visit to the Hospitals—Cave Temple of Bambourda—Its great extent—Scotch Free Kirk—The English Church—Hill Temple of Parbutty—Brahmin Guide—Valuable Idols—Country Seat of Nana Furnavese—Brahminy Bulls—Palace of Scindia—A Ride on an Elephant—The Market-place—A Snake-Charmer—Tomb of Emma Roberts—A Sporting Ameer—The Jail—The Baag Nouk, or Tiger's Claw—The Poona Gun, or Curfew—Mess of the Royal Horse Artillery.

THERE is no hotel nor lodging-house in Poona, and no person can stay longer than three days at the bungalow, nor even that, if new arrivals require the rooms, which as long as you can occupy them, answer every purpose. Having hired a palanquin, I sallied out in the morning to deliver the letters of introduction, which my friend Dr. Miller of Bombay, whose excessive kindness

to me during my stay in India, in all that could promote my views, had taken care to provide me with, for Major Candy, Captain Jacob, the Revd. — Mitchell, and the Revd. H. Cassidy. All these gentlemen offered me quarters in their bungalows during the time I should stay at Poona, and received me with every attention. I became the guest of the Revd. H. Cassidy, living in the civil lines, and, as my object was to see everything worth noting, during the week I intended to stay, each of these gentlemen took great pains to enable me to fulfil my wishes, driving me out daily to the different interesting sights in and out of the city, and exhibiting towards me such hospitable treatment as is only known amongst our countrymen in India.

The Revd. H. Cassidy is a missionary, most zealous in his profession, and a first-rate Mahratta scholar, in which language he preaches to the natives, many of whom he has converted. He takes so much interest in the cause, that his exertions appeared

to me to be almost beyond his strength, and his talents to deserve a higher sphere of action.

Poona, the capital of the Mahratta empire, the residence of the Peishwa, or Emperor, fell into our hands during the last war with the Mahrattas, in 1817-18, when that power was completely annihilated, and Badjee-Row, the ex-Peishwa, was sent a state prisoner to Bithoor, where he remains to this day on a yearly pension of 900,000 rupees. His ministers and Sirdars, or noblemen, most of them living still at Poona, are in receipt of pensions of a smaller amount. The population of Poona is about 70,000, half of which are Brahmins, and the rest Mahrattas, Musselmen, &c. There are about 14,000 houses. The city is guarded by forty police stations, each comprising six sepoy and a naik. The Brahmins are divided into Gruhustas and Bhuts. The former are writers, merchants, shroffs, servants. The latter study Vedas, live upon alms, or fees, derived from the other class on account of ceremonies.

In public assemblies, they will not sit together, but each on separate sides. The Bhuts are as numerous as those upon whose means they have to depend for a livelihood.

Poona is considered to be the purest Hindoo city in India. The houses are low, and are covered outside with paintings of elephants, tigers, and warriors, in gaudy colours as large as life, something in the Egyptian style of execution. The shops are tenanted principally by dealers in grain, brass, and copper-work, clothes, turbans, leather ornaments, arms, &c. All the houses, walls, and buildings, are made of small grey bricks, and the streets are paved all over with broad flag-stones reaching from side to side, many of them having a very deserted appearance.

Early in the morning, Major Candy, the superintendant of the Sanscrit College, drove me into the native city, which is entered by different gates. The Sanscrit College occupies a large building, once the palace of the Peishwa, Badjee-Row. It is solely



devoted to the education of the natives. There is a class for law, theology, medicine, and the English language, and a class has been added for the children of Sirdars, the noblemen and chiefs in former times. There is also a Sanscrit printing-press, where a dictionary of that language is being prepared.

The interior of the palace is composed of several squares, leading one into the other. On the walls of the rooms are paintings, representing different objects, and rows of solid pillars of teak-wood, beautifully carved all over, support the roof. The staircases are all so narrow, that only one person can pass up them at a time, on purpose to avoid a surprise.

From the top of the palace, where there is a walk outside of the roof, I had a fine view of the city and surrounding country. Nearly all the students at this college are Brahmins of high caste. I went to look at Kirkee new bridge, over the Meula-mota river, now a mere rivulet, but in the rainy

season, a deep, wide stream. Not far from it, in the city, are the ruins of the great palace of Scindia, burned down a few years ago, by accident. The gate and gateway, with the front part, still remain entire. The gate is studded with iron spear-pointed spikes, and has a very formidable look—the walls are flanked by strong round towers at each corner, three of which remain on one side. The old flag-staff of the Peishwa is still standing on one of the turrets. In front of the palace is a large square, where the market-people assemble every morning, with all their fruit, grain, and vegetables spread out on the ground before them. Badjee-Row used to sit on one of the turrets in front, and smoke his hookah, looking down on the busy scene below.

On my return, I inspected the government schools for the teaching of the English and vernacular languages, held in the Burdwar, the largest of all the palaces. The state-room, about twenty feet high, the ceiling of which is of beautifully-carved teak, is sup-

ported by two rows of pillars, of the same wood and workmanship. The room is filled with little Brahmins, squatting on the ground, each having a piece of board, covered with red sand, on which they write their exercises, with a calamus, or reed. When they have finished, they pepper it over again with sand. Writing on paper is done with the calamus pen and ink, the letters being below the line.

The children were all anxious to show me their exercises, and I put a few questions to some of them: when I left, they made a salaam, with much easiness and grace of manner.

On our way through the city, we passed by several mosques, pagodas, and palaces of the great Sirdars. In the evening, we drove out through the civil and military lines, to hear the band play on the parade-ground.

During the rainy season at Bombay, in June, July, and August, Poona enjoys a delightful climate; every thing is green,

and the temperature is mild and refreshing. It is then the great rendezvous of fashion of Western India, the Governor and all the influential people of the Presidency residing here, rendering it the scene of much gaiety. At present it is very hot, the thermometer standing at 98 in the shade, and 135 in the sun, but this does not last more than two months. Punkahs and mosquito-curtains are not in use, which is a good sign in India.

1st. April. I rode out this morning with Dr. Deas, civil surgeon, to visit the jail, hospital, and the civil hospital, where all natives are admitted. In this, three cases of dracunculus, or Guinea-worm, were pointed out to me, by a very intelligent Hindoo medical assistant, who gave me one which had just been extracted, three feet long. A large lunatic ward, attached to this hospital, was full of inmates, several of whom had committed murder, and, by their fierce looks, made me not very anxious to stay long amongst them.

We next went round the staff-hospital, for sepoy and native soldiers. The most frightful sabre and gun-shot wounds generally do well amongst them, probably owing to vegetable diet and temperate habits. Tetanus is very common. Nearly all the ladies, to avoid the excessive heat, were staying at Poorunder, a curious hill fort, quite impregnable, twenty miles off, where they have bungalows, and I received an invitation to stay there a few days. But I could not screw up my resolution to undergo the toil of ascending this precipitous fort under such a sun, and I could not well spare three days for one object, which, however, I believe, is well worth seeing.

I rode out in the afternoon to the cave temple of Bambourda, a mile from Poona, and had a very narrow chance of not discovering it. I was close to the spot, surrounded by natives, but they could not understand what I wanted ; at last, a young lad found out what I was in quest of, and in a few minutes, after crossing some rocky

ground, he led me to the entrance of the cave, which is below the surface of the earth. It has not been long discovered, and is different from any other cave I have seen. In an open space in front, is a large dome, supported by twelve square pillars, having in the middle four pillars, covered by a square top.

The entrance to the temple is between two large lions couchant, of granite, which are the only evidences of sculpture of any sort contained in it. The roof is quite flat and low, supported by five rows of eight plain square pillars in each: at the end, an opening leads into two separate rooms, in the middle of which are stone "degghops." I saw no wells here, but on the right, at the entrance, is a deep square hole, which seems to have contained water.

My guide said that this cave extended several miles underground, having another entrance on a hill three miles off, directly opposite, which he distinctly pointed out; that it had been blocked up and reduced to its pre-

sent size, to keep out wild beasts, to which it afforded a safe retreat. I found at the extreme end a modern wall plaistered over that seemed to bear out what he said, and, had it not been so late, I would have gone across to the opposite hill to verify the fact. This cave is of Booddhist origin, and not suspected of a very high antiquity. Few people at Poona had seen it, or were aware of its existence.

2nd April. Attended service at six in the morning at the Scotch free kirk, and heard the Rev. — Mitchell, a very good preacher. A great number of English soldiers were present. Service is performed at that early hour to avoid the congregation's being exposed to the sun. At ten, I attended the service performed by my host, the Revd. H. Cassidy, in the Mahratta language, in the chapel for converted natives. Hindoos, Musselmen, Parsees, and several young women, formed the congregation. They sang hymns, and appeared very attentive.

In the evening Mr. Newton, the assistant

judge, drove me to St. Mary's, the English church, a fine new building in an open space opposite a large tank, and the theatre, where amateur performances take place. The chunam walls and pillars give the church a very light and clean appearance inside; the congregation was small, owing to the heat, and there is no punkah in the church.

3rd April. This morning I rode out to see the hill temple of Parbutty, passing by an immense tank, surrounded with trees, which in the monsoon has all the appearance of a lake, boats being able to sail upon it. The water was low, except on one side, where I bathed. A paved road leads from the bottom to the top of the hill, composed of large flag-stones forming steps a foot high, and from twenty to forty feet long. The outer buildings are for the guard of twenty-five sepoy. Passing these, you find yourself in the middle of the temple, the different parts of which cover the entire summit of the hill. In the centre is a pagoda, with a little cistern in front, and at



each corner is a smaller one; the whole is encircled by a sort of turret with a winding staircase leading to the outside, from whence a fine view of the city and environs can be obtained.

A blind Brahmin, led by a little boy, came up and addressed me in good English, to my great delight, and volunteered to be my cicerone, for I could make out nothing by myself. He opened with his key the iron doors of the corner pagodas; each one contained a god in white marble, resembling ivory. I was not allowed to approach the middle temple, nearer than the cistern, but a light was procured and held against the door to enable me to see inside the group of the god Seva in solid silver, Gunputty, his wife, and Parbutty, the child, both in solid gold. Their eyes are made of diamonds and rubies of great price, which are seen sparkling in the dark. They are robed in dresses of spotless white, put on by Brahmins, who are the only persons allowed ever to enter their sanctuary. The three

idols are valued at 60,000 rupees. Twenty-five Brahmin priests of high caste, are paid by the Sircar (Company) to live in the temple and perform the rites, an annual sum of 18,000 rupees. Low-caste people are not allowed to enter the interior of the temple.

The Peishwa, Badjee-Row, who was a Brahmin, had a palace here on the left, where he used to reside during fits of sanctity. It was burned a few years ago by lightning, the ruins of it only remaining. Parbutty was built in 1750, by Nana-Row, the grandfather of Badjee-Row, and is held in the highest veneration by the natives, the Company supporting it from motives of policy. It is by far the finest modern Hindoo temple I have met with, and one of the most interesting objects in Poona.

In the afternoon, Mr. Drago drove me out to the country-seat of Nana Furnavese,\* the Richelieu of the Mahratta empire, who for twenty-five years ruled it most absolutely. The state room is supported by light pillars,

\* Great chancellor.

elegantly carved, and painted blue and white, in front of which is a cistern with several *jets d'eau* ; the roof is flat to walk out on, and is reached by a staircase, only wide enough for one person to ascend at a time. The garden surrounds the house, the different walks being covered with framework, on which are clusters of grapes, and striped squirrels are running along the walls, or jumping from tree to tree. A rich Parsee now rents the place, and will readily give an order for admission.

In the streets, I noticed a great number of Brahminy bulls, owing to Poona being the seat of that worship. It is said, that when a Brahmin of consequence dies, one is turned loose, on account of his memory. They are all fed by public hands ; to hurt one is sacrilege, but every now and then when they break into European's gardens, they get a shot, or a good thrashing.

We went afterwards to the Camel-lines, where about one hundred camels were being groomed and fed, all lying down. They

are used for military purposes, but can be had from the bazaar for private use at a low rate. The arsenal is near the Camel lines, and contains all the *materiel* of war.

A little beyond the barracks of the Horse Artillery, are the ruins of the Palace of Scindia. It is a square building with a square tower at each corner. A round tower, with secret stairs, seems to have been used as a prison. One large room has the walls covered with *fresco* paintings, illustrating the achievements of the family of Scindia. It is a great pity that these are so defaced by English hands, as my friend recollects them when perfect.

The style of architecture is the same as that of the palaces in the city. The unfinished tomb of Scindia is near the palace, and would have been a splendid monument, if completed. Stones, carvings, and half-finished sculptures, are scattered carelessly around, just as if the men were returning to their work the next day. A flock of goats had taken up their abode amongst

them; and were skipping from stone to stone. A temple with Brahmin priests is kept up by revenues of lands left for that purpose by the descendants of Scindia, and music is performed with trumpet, gong, and tom-tom, every three hours all the year round. There is close by, a fine aqueduct, constructed by Scindia, to convey water from the hills seven miles off. When the springs fail, water is drawn up from numerous wells placed at equal distances along the line of aqueduct, by means of buffaloes, and poured into it where openings are left for that purpose. It is a work of great public utility. On the high road, near the parade-grounds are some Sikh guns taken in the late war, enclosed in an iron railing, as a sort of trophy.

Having intimated my wish to ride out on an elephant, the Rev. — Mitchell forwarded my view by obtaining the loan of one for a few hours from Shaik, Meera Khan Mahomed, a Sirdar of the Rajah of Sattara, who keeps three of these animals. It is not easy

to obtain one, as the few Sirdars who still keep them for pomp, at a great expense, do not care about their being made a convenience of by Europeans who happen to fancy a ride.

I was awoke at six in the morning, and, looking out of the window, found in front of the bungalow, a huge elephant, the largest I have ever seen, richly caparisoned with coverings of scarlet cloth and silver lace. Round his neck was a string of bells, and on each side was suspended from a chain across his back, a large bell, which kept continually ringing as he walked.

He knelt down for me to mount, but I still required a chair: the driver sits on his neck, his feet resting in stirrups behind the ears, and guides him with the *ankoos*, a piece of iron two feet long, like a boat-hook. I sate in the middle with another driver behind me holding a whip. My feet rested on pads placed at each side; the animal was very docile; the pace an easy quick walk of from five to six miles an hour; once only

he trotted for a short distance. I again visited the Caves of Bambourda, crossed the Meula-mota on a causeway, where I met a herd of buffaloes. They all took fright, and two of them jumped over into the river, and swam ashore. Horses and bullocks shied across the road as we advanced, nearly upsetting their carts, or riders.

I proceeded to the market-place, in front of the ruins of Badjee-Row's palace, where I found myself in the midst of thousands of natives. Coming home through the city, I saw a crowd surrounding a snake-charmer, and stopped to witness the performance. He played with a cobra di capello, and made him exhibit the peculiar appearance of spectacles on his head, which I had never before seen.

Being mounted *à-la-Rajañ*, I could not do less than reward him liberally, to sustain the character. On arriving at the gate of the bungalow, the water-carrier's buffalo took fright, capsized all his load of water, and ran away like wild, breaking down

fences until he escaped into the road. At a given sign, the elephant knelt down again for me to alight; and thus ended one of the most amusing incidents of my Indian travels.

Every Englishman will visit with interest the English burial-ground containing the tomb of that delightful authoress, Emma Roberts, who died here; and two miles out of town is the cemetery formerly allotted to the French officers in the service of the Peishwa, in the days of De Boigne, and General Perron. Sir Jamsetjee Jeejeebhoy has nearly finished a bund, or large stone dam across the Meula-mota, to supply Poona and the water-works on his own estate. The machinery is on a grand scale, and is all turned by bullocks. The bund cost a great deal of money, several former attempts having failed and been carried away in the rains. The river is so rapid that the men can only work during the dry season, which has caused the undertaking to be several years in hand.

On my way to the city, I saw one of the

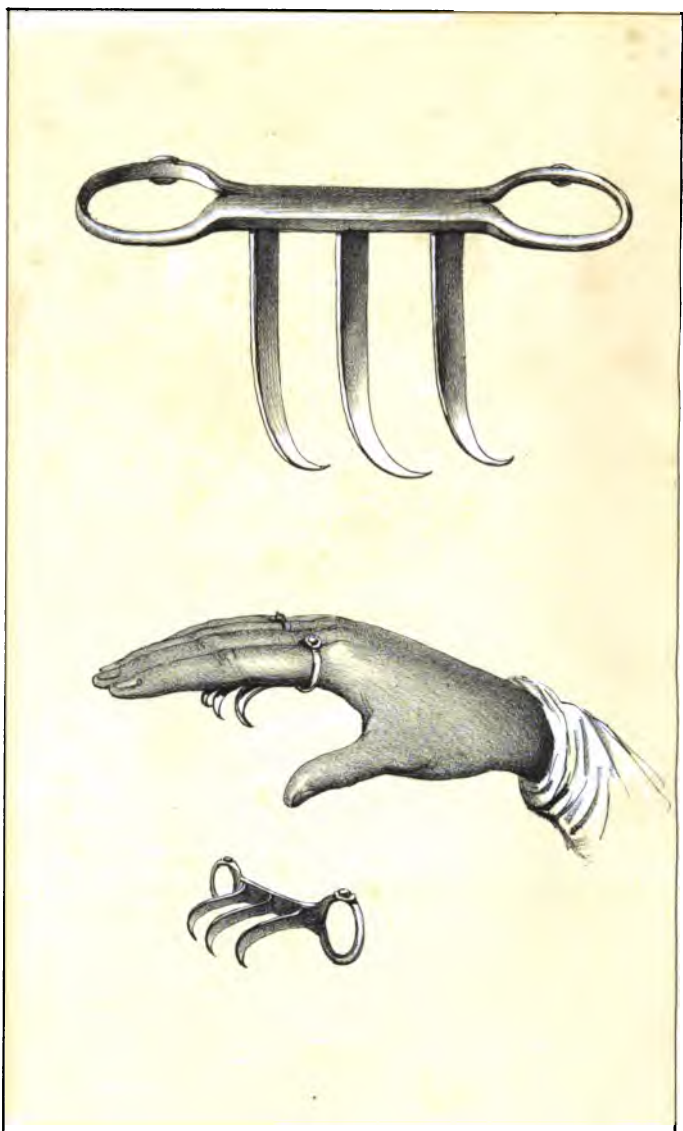


Ameers of Scinæ, who are state prisoners here, hawking near the road-side. He wore the dress peculiar to that nation: hawking is a sport they are very fond of.

Strolling along one of the streets, a shop-keeper held out to me a small rusty iron instrument, formed of two rings joined together, to be worn on two fingers; and, attached to these were three semicircular sharp blades, about two inches long. All this was a mystery to me, and I was going away without taking any further notice of it, but the earnest manner in which the man pressed me to take it, and the small sum he asked caused me to return. I afterwards found that this instrument was no less than the "Baag Nouk," or tiger's claw, which the Mahrattas used to wear on their right hand, and, in their treacherous embrace with the person they wished to destroy, to pass this deadly weapon across his abdomen, inflicting three deadly wounds, without the instrument being seen.

In this manner Sivajee, the illustrious





On Stone by E.J. Hamerton.

Engraved by L. Adams, St. Paul.

# **BĀG WOUK or TIGER'S CLAW**

with which Sivajee the founder of the Mahratta nation assassinated  
Abdalla Khan at Beejapoor.

(From the Original in the E.I.C. Museum.)

W. Shoberl, Publisher. 20. Gt. Marlborough Street, 1850.

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founder of the Mahratta nation, assassinated the unsuspecting general of the Mahomedan army of Beejapoor, whom he advanced to embrace, which gave earnest of the future hero, agreeably to the rude notions of the times, and gained him a great accession of followers and resources. The identical instrument used by Sivajee is now in the East India Company's Museum in Leadenhall-street.

I visited the jail, a very spacious building, containing 600 prisoners, for the most part in chains. They are put to the treadmill, or other labour ; the women grind corn, and weave their own clothes. All are well-fed with rice, currie, and the usual native diet, which each caste cook for themselves. They sleep on the floor, without beds, and all of the same caste live together. Several are in for gang robberies. There are on one side of the house thirty-four remaining out of three hundred state prisoners from the rebellion of Kholapoor, which happened some years ago. These men are not put to

hard labour, their offence being a political one. Many work on the roads, under an escort of the Poona Police Corps, an armed body of natives 500 strong. The jailer, a stout Musselman, says that the prisoners are too well treated, and recollects the days of the Peishwa, when prisoners were left to public charity, or to starve if that failed.

The Poona gun is fired every night at eleven, after which time no person is allowed in the streets, and all who are found out are immediately taken by the police into custody until the next morning. When a gang robbery has taken place, the gun is fired as soon as it is known, and people out after that are all taken up. This is an old custom of the time of the Peishwa's government, that is still kept in force, being useful against gang robberies, which not unfrequently occur here. Another curious custom is that each respectable inhabitant must employ a Ramoussee, or man of a robber tribe, as watchman outside his house all night, at a small sum per month.

This prevents any attempt at robbery ever being made upon the house, and is a sort of *Black mail* claimed by that tribe, which it would be imprudent to withhold.

Living, rent, servants, and every thing, are much cheaper here than at Bombay. Two horses can be kept for as little expense as one costs there. I paid two rupees a pair for excellent Wellington boots, made to measure, that lasted me six months. But what beats that, was the hire of a tat, or pony and driver, to carry my baggage to Bombay, a distance of one hundred miles, requiring four days, cost only two rupees and a half, or five shillings, the man finding himself and animal. These prices are all fixed by nerrick, or bye-law.

In the evening, I dined with the mess of the Royal Horse Artillery, considered to be the finest mess in India, the corps being permanently stationed here, and certainly, the style with which everything was conducted, impressed me with that opinion.



## CHAPTER XIII.

Excursion to Bombay—The Caves of Birsa—A Disappointment—Second Visit to Karli—Hindoo Fêtes of Jattera—Journey down the Bore Ghaut—Chowk—Road to Callian—Halt for the Night—Hindoo Festival—A Nocturnal Adventure—Some Account of Callian—The Author loses his Way—Colsette Ferry—Bungalow at Tannah—The Fort described—Beauties of Gora-bunder—Deserted City of Bassein—Return to Bombay—A Visit to the Caves of Kanari—Carvings and Inscriptions—Accounts of Travellers.

HAVING, in a week, seen all that Poona contains, and taken leave of my kind friends, I started off early in the morning for Bombay, passing through Kirkee, a suburb, two miles from the city, where the 10th Hussars are stationed. Here are the ruins of the old Residency, which, in 1817, was attacked and burned down by the Peishwa's troops. This led to the second Mahratta war, and the extinction of that power, after the battle of Kirkee.

I had now to retrace my steps as far as Chowk, with little of novelty to interest me. Captain Jacob told me before I started, that if at Kurkala, five miles beyond Worgaon, I took the road to the left I should reach the caves of Birsa, five miles off, but in the direction of the fort of Lohagurh, which I intended to visit on my return. All the villagers at Kurkala assured me that it was on the right-hand side, pointing to a hill some miles distant, which I reached with great difficulty, across a country covered with rocks, and my suspicions were too well confirmed, when, after toiling for hours under a burning sun, on the top of the hill, I entered a small pagoda filled with bells and peacocks' feathers, such as I had often passed on the road every day. I have since ascertained beyond doubt that these caves exist where Captain Jacob pointed them out, mention being made of them in Grant Duff's "History of the Mahrattas."

After such a useless excursion, I was too tired to make another attempt to visit them,

and pushed on, not in the best humour, for Karli. On the road, I fell in with a detachment of marching sepoy. They all saluted me with a "present arms," which at Poona I had been so accustomed to, that I began to fancy I must have something of the "*air militaire*" about me.

On arriving at Karli, I paid a second visit to the caves to take a few sketches, and was not a little astonished to find them filled with people, large families being encamped in every corner, and outside all around, where stalls for the sale of sweetmeats, fruit, &c. were erected, giving the spot the appearance of a fair. On my return to the bungalow, I found that all this concourse of people were assembled to celebrate the Hindoo fêtes of *Jattera*, which last a fortnight, from the 6th of April full moon, and that they were principally of the Coolee tribe who came there from all parts of the Concan, Kanari, and the coast. Upwards of 1500 sheep had been killed in the caves the day before, as a sacrifice to the gods, which accounted for the

number of fresh, raw sheepskins I saw drying on the surrounding rocks.

All the meat is eaten on the spot, and not a slice could be had at the bungalow, as I had at first anticipated; so that I was obliged to be content with "sudden death" for dinner. Left Karli at midnight for Khandalla, where I stopped to get a few more "monster beans." To do that I had to disturb the man who sells them, at the unusual hour of two in the morning, for which he did not thank me; but I succeeded in getting two more of these singular "légumes."

I then continued my journey down the Bore Ghaut, amidst the dust, and tinkling of bells from thousands of pack-bullocks, continually meeting with groups of pilgrim Coolees hastening with their families to the Temple of Karli. At the foot of the Ghauts, I passed three robbers in chains, under a guard of five sepoy. These criminals came from Surat, and were on their way to Poona for trial. Having slept a couple of hours at the dhurmsala of Khapoulee, I

made the best of my way to Chowk, which I reached at noon, the heat of the sun being quite overpowering.

From Chowk a road branches off on the right to Callian, which I had been informed was a very good one, and the distance only twenty-six miles, which decided me upon taking it. I found out, however, that instead of twenty-six I had to travel thirty-eight miles, and that over a wretched bad road, with a constant succession of up and down hill, taking just double the time I had calculated. After the first ten miles, I halted under a large tree, and spread my saddle-cloth out on the ground to sleep on.

A booth was erected a little way off, in which, at midnight, a Hindoo festival was being celebrated. The noise of drums and cymbals was so deafening that sleep was quite out of the question, and I was fairly driven from the field. I peeped into the booth as I went by, and saw a Hindoo god, painted all red and brilliantly illuminated, the natives dancing round him. I continued

my journey all night; the dismal howling of jackalls ringing in my ears, when suddenly two wild beasts rushed from the jungle into the road, where they fought for a few minutes, and quickly disappeared, creating such a cloud of dust that I could see nothing of them,

As the noise and struggle were soon over, I concluded that a strong animal had walked off with a smaller one, and my state of mind, with visions of a tiger springing at me in the dead of the night in this desolate spot, was not of the most pleasant nature. I had no fire-arms; my sword would have been of little use, and my gourawallah, who carried a larger one, was a mile behind. I planted myself against the hedge, in a small recess, until he came up, and then I could not explain to him what had occurred, beyond the word *bāag*, the name for tiger. I reached Callian at five in the morning.

The trees near the town are full of flying-foxes, which I never noticed before in such numbers. They are a large species of bat,

and are common in the neighbourhood of Bombay. Callian, on the Calus river, once the capital of a province, is of very high antiquity, but is now in a state of *décadence*. It sustained many sieges during the wars between the Moguls and Mahrattas, and was defended by part of the English army of General Goddard, in 1780. The streets are very narrow, full of rubbish, and large empty houses. The manager of the Custom-house, a Parsee, who spoke English, was of service to me. I procured some milk for breakfast, and then crossed the river in a ferry-boat, free of expense. The stream is pretty wide, and the banks are well wooded with green trees, which render the scenery very picturesque. On each side are the ruins of an old fort. Callian will soon regain a portion of its former importance, as the first East Indian railroad is to reach from Bombay to Callian, and ultimately to be carried on to Calcutta.

I next proceeded on to Tannah, and, going off the main road into some paddy-fields to

water the horses at a well, I could not fall in with it again, and lost myself in the jungle. At last I reached a grove of mangotrees, at the end of which I was stopped by the river I had before crossed in the ferryboat. After beating about for several miles in the heat of the sun, we at length came to some huts, but could get no guide to extricate us from our difficulties. Having talked very loud, and my man representing me to them as a "burra sahib," the inmates sent out for a mhar, who conducted us across narrow rocky paths, over hill and dale, at the imminent risk of our necks, until, to my great joy, he brought us to the traveller's bungalow at Kalhair, near the arm of the sea that separates Salsette from the main land. This is a fine new building, used mostly by officers going to Malligaum.

We crossed Colsette ferry, a mile from hence, and the wind being full against us, we had to make three tacks before reaching the opposite side. A Brahminy bull, led by a native, was amongst our passengers.



At this ferry I had to pay half a rupee for each horse and man, but the Company's servants pass over free.

A few miles' ride, on a good road through a pretty country, brought me to Tannah, where I alighted at the bungalow, which seemed to be very little frequented. There was no bed, nor light, and the butler could not speak a word of English. Luckily, I had a letter for Mr. Parker, the postmaster, with whom I dined, and the next morning he called to take a ride out with me and see the town. I had passed a wretched night, owing to the mosquitoes that abound here, and was loath to get up. We proceeded to the bazaar in the native town, and, on returning to the house, he sent me back in his travelling-carriage, or van, drawn by two beautiful cream-coloured Guzerat bullocks, the finest animals I have ever seen. They answer better on the road for long journeys than horses in these parts.

Tannah fort is situated on the west bank of the river. It is an irregular pentagon,

with five strong bastions, to the salient angles of three of which are round towers. It has a wet ditch all round, excepting on the river side; it has also a counterscarp and glacis. There are two gates, one in the west and the other in the east curtain. In the fort are roomy barracks and good quarters for the officers, but they are now used as a receptacle for prisoners.

The esplanade is spacious, and at its southern extremity are pendalls for two hundred sepoys; also the lately-constructed English church of St. James. Tannah is the metropolis, or Zillah station of Salsette, and the Northern Concan. Its population are chiefly Hindoos; it is twenty-three miles from Bombay, to which place runs a daily mail.

Having hired a large dinghy for five rupees, to take me to Bassein, I left Tannah at noon; and, after beating to windward for six hours, came off Gora-Bunder before sunset. Here are an old church, and several seats of rich Parsees, surrounded by hills,

clothed with beautiful foliage and jungle, reaching almost to the water's edge. The scenery along the route to this spot had been generally of the same character, but I had often heard of the beauties of Gora-Bunder. From thence we stood across to Bassein, which is on the opposite shore, and anchored close under the walls at nine o'clock.

As it was late, I slept in the boat, and landed early the next morning. The entrance to Bassein is through a massive stone double gateway. A high wall of great thickness, full of loop-holes and embrasures for cannon, surrounds the city, which is nearly a regular square, the walls being washed on one side by the sea, and surrounded on the other sides by a wet ditch. Bassein presents an extraordinary instance of a strong city but recently inhabited, and now deserted and in ruins, without a single inhabitant remaining. It has belonged in turn to the Portuguese, and to the Mahrattas, who last occupied it, when it fell into

our hands. In 1803, at the beginning of the first Mahratta war, was concluded the treaty of Bassein between Sir Arthur Wellesley and the Peishwa Badjee-Row, who, by our assistance, was re-seated on the throne of Poona, in spite of the intrigues of Holkar, Scindia, and the other chiefs of the Mahratta confederacy, who were leagued against him. This led to the battle of Assaye, which took place at the commencement of the Duke of Wellington's glorious career. All the buildings are of Portuguese origin. The streets and squares are filled with beautiful cathedrals, churches, monasteries, and palaces, tumbling into ruins, cocoa-nut and cotton trees, and all sorts of plants growing in amongst them in wild profusion.

Occasionally a Hindoo temple varies the scene, and in the principal street one of them contains a large bull, couchant, in granite. A native, who appeared to have charge of the idol, was the only living being in the place, where less than half a century ago an emperor had held his court, and concluded

a treaty with the most celebrated general of modern times. This half-clad Hindoo sitting on the steps of the pagoda alone, amidst such a scene of fallen greatness, reminded me of "Marius sitting on the ruins of Carthage."

Inside the cathedrals are the tombs of former Portuguese dons and governors ; some of the altars still remain erect. The architecture is principally Gothic, and the stone carvings are most elaborate. Lizards, squirrels, and bats are constantly scaling the walls, or basking in the sun. Owls, snakes, scorpions, and a variety of birds have taken up their abode where man has left them in full and undisputed possession. The high, beautifully sculptured, arched entrance of one church is all that is left standing of the entire edifice. The arms of Portugal, with the date, 10 Mai, 1631, are carved in the middle.

I tried to take a sketch of this ruin, but the power of the sun was so intense that in a few minutes I was compelled to desist.

The ground is covered with loose sand a foot deep, that is scorching and difficult to walk over. I believe the excessive heat of Bassein and the removal to Tannah of the principal government offices are amongst the causes of its singular desertion. A rampart behind the walls forms a walk all round the city, and has not yet undergone much decay. At the opposite end of the principal street is another gate similar to the first, that leads to the bazaar or native town, a mile off. The gate is of wood, heavily ironed, and on it is carved in deep letters:—

“AOS 16 d Dzbr. ° d 1716.”

The traveller's bungalow is near the Native Town. I found it locked up, and the butler, “*non est inventus*.” I called on the collector of customs, and the postmaster, to whom I had a letter of introduction. Both were absent from home, so that none but natives were to be met with. I took upon myself to order soap, towel, and a basin of water, which became necessities after strolling amongst

the ruins of Bassein; and, as my scouts had not succeeded in finding the butler, I was forced to be content with a breakfast of milk and plantains, which were hardly substantial enough for the occasion. The tide turning, I rejoined my boat, bathed in the sea, and with a fair wind reached Tannah in two hours; then finding the tide still favourable, I sent my horses overland, and proceeded in the dinghy to Bombay, where a splendid breeze landed me in two hours, after an absence of three weeks.

The caves of Kanari in Salsette were the only objects of curiosity now left for me to see, and, having mentioned my desire to view them to some friends, they were anxious to join me in the excursion. We therefore hired two carriages, and having filled them with the necessary supplies, and plenty of soda-water, started off at two in the morning for Vehar, a village in Salsette, where the horses were put up. From the north end of the village, opposite a small Portuguese church, a foot road branches off to

the left, to the Kanari caves, five miles distant. It is necessary to take a guide, as the foot-road branches off in many different directions. It passes near the little village of Toolsi, situated in the middle of a fertile valley, surrounded by hills covered with jungle, the haunt of tigers and enormous monkeys, three of which we saw climbing the trees, making grimaces at us, which from the absence of my gun they did with the utmost impunity.

The Kanari Caves are excavated on the west and north faces of a round hill connected with the principal ranges, in the midst of wild and most picturesque scenery. They consist of one large and numerous small caves, all temples of Boodha. The largest is very like the temple of Karli in form, but smaller and not so highly finished. The portico in front contains two gigantic figures of a male and female twenty-five feet high, and the walls are covered with smaller statues and inscriptions, similar to those of Karli. There have been ribs of



teak to support the arched roof, of which few now remain. On each side is a row of fifteen octagonal pillars, each being surmounted by a group of two elephants carrying a male and female, in rather a dilapidated state. The six last pillars, on the right hand-side, are quite plain, and in an unfinished state.

At the end of the temple is a large stone deghop, or altar, which appears once to have been crowned with an umbrella that is now missing. The umbrella is peculiar to all the temples of Buddhist worship, and supposed to cover relics of Buddha. This cave is ninety feet long, forty feet broad, and about the same height. Clusters of large bats are seen hanging from the roof, which is covered with them. The smaller caves are situated on the hill behind the large one, forming six stories, one above the other, giving the hill almost the appearance of a honeycomb. At the entrance of each cave is a deep stone cistern containing beautiful clear water, and on each side of

the walls is a carving of a figure an inch deep, and about two feet long.

In one large square cave with square pillars, not unlike the Bambourda excavation at Poona, the same figure was carved on the top of many of them. Near the summit of the hill, an old Brahmin Faqueer, who had lived there for years upon alms, looked like the presiding deity of the place. He assured us with great sincerity, that five Rajahs, all brothers, had excavated these temples, and that there were 999 on the island. This old man was very communicative, and appeared perfectly contented with his lot amidst the ruins of the ancient temples of his faith.

It has been remarked that the caves of Kanari, of Karli, of Ellora, and others in the Concan, are all on Mahratta ground, and that there is a great resemblance between the temples of Egypt and the excavations of India.

I copied the sixth line of a long inscription on the left pillar, at the entrance of the great Temple of Kanari.

The next inscription, over a water reservoir of one of the small caves of Kanari, has been rendered thus by the *savants* in Oriental antiquities:—

“ This tank is the pious work of Sulisadata, (in obedience to) the word of the radical golden originator of all things, the prophet of friendship.”

Nobody should leave Bombay without visiting the curiosities of Kanari, which can be done in a day, and they will be found to be well worth the trouble. The same may be said of the ruins of Bassein, thirty-eight miles distant, requiring two days. Karli can be visited in the same short time, by taking the mail from Bombay, and returning the next day. I subjoin a few remarks of other travellers, who had more opportunities of examining Kanari than myself.

“ The Caves of Kanari,” by Salt, in vol. 1, of Bombay Literary Society’s Transactions. “ The purely Buddha caves of Kanari, on the left of the main road, leading

to Tannah, are twenty-two miles from Bombay, and four beyond the village of Vehar: from which village, proceeding through a thick jungle, along the edge of deep gullies, filled with water in the rains, you reach the village of Tulsi, in the immediate vicinity of the caves.

“The first stage of ascent to the caves, which consist of six stories, on the ledges of the mountain, connected with each other, is by footsteps cut in the rock. Passing an unfinished arched excavation, with two earthen deg hops, we come to the great cave; in front of which there is a portico, where two lofty columns are seen. The whole space, at the further end of the portico, is occupied by the front face of the cave, which is divided by plain columns, into three square portals beneath, and five open windows above. On the right and left of the portico, in a recess, are two gigantic statues of Buddha, twenty feet high.

“The further extremity of the great arched excavation, is occupied by a stone

deghop; and on the columns in the portico, are inscribed inscriptions of which I have copied the sixth line. Ascending the hill from the platform of the great cave, we come to the second story of excavations situate on the left bank of the nullah, along both sides of which many excavations are found, but of which any detail is unnecessary. This second ascent of the hill contains two caves. In the third story there are several excavations and cisterns of water, and the remaining three stories of the ascent are terminated by the open platform at the top of the hill.

“Descending southway from this elevation, the visitor follows a path under the ledge of the rock, from the face of which present several small deghops, accompanied by half-executed excavations. Here, also, are several deep pits built up with burnt bricks, probably the burial-places of those who inhabited the caves. The caves of Kanari would appear to be alluded to in the Foe-kui-ki, or travels of Fo-Hian, about A. D.

400, being described as a cavern temple of five stories, each containing numerous chambers, or cells, which was situated in the south of the kingdom called Dach-chin. The whole are excavated in '*trap breccia*.'

"The whole appearance of this excavated mountain," says Mr. Forbes, "indicates it to have had a city hewn in its rocky sides, capable of containing many thousand inhabitants; the largest temple was doubtless their principal place of worship."

"It is not only the numerous caves," observes Lord Valentia, "that give an idea of what the population of this barren rock must once have been, but the tanks, the terraces, and the flights of steps which lead from one part to another. Yet now, not a human footstep is to be heard, except when the curiosity of a traveller leads him to pay a hasty visit to the ruined habitations of those whose very name has passed away, and whose cultivated fields are become an almost impassable jungle, the haunt of tigers, and the seat of pestilence and desolation."

## CHAPTER XIV.

The "Herefordshire" sails for London with wounded Soldiers—The Author proceeds to China in the "Charlotte Jane"—Her Crew and Appointments—Run across the Bay of Bengal—Sudden Squall—Nicobar Islands, and Coast of Sumatra—Golden Mountain—Malay Proas—A Mutiny on Board—Singular Feature in the Straits of Malacca—Islands of Pulo Verela and Pulo Jarra—Captain Barkly—Two-and-a-Half Fathom Bank—Fearful Tempest—Anecdote of a Soldier—A Heart-rending Scene.

AFTER a stay of three months at Bombay, the "Herefordshire" sailed on the 13th May for London, taking home the wounded men from the battles of Moultan and Chillianwallah, in charge of Captain Macpherson, who had lost an arm at Chillianwallah, where he entered the field of battle in the morning, a sixth Lieutenant, and came out the same day a Cap-

tain, all above him in his regiment having fallen in the fight.

I had the choice of going on to China in a ship that was to sail in three days, and, being anxious to visit the Celestial Empire, I left the "Herefordshire," not without reluctance, and proceeded farther East. At an early hour on the 16th May, the ship "Charlotte Jane," of 750 tons, Alexander Lawrence, commander, weighed anchor from the middle ground, and before long, Bombay was out of sight, and we were *en route* for China. The crew consisted of Lascars, with English officers, and petty officers. The ship was built at Bristol, of teak, sails well, and is very handsomely fitted up, with great height between decks, and excellent ventilation. She was completing her first voyage, having sailed from London to Sydney with emigrants. She had proceeded to China, and from thence to Bombay, to load with cotton, and was now returning to China to take in tea for London. The teas not being ready prevented her



doing so on her first visit there. We find the ship rather tender, owing to her being cotton-laden, and hope in that trim not to meet with a typhoon in the China seas. All the orders to the crew are given in Hindustanee, the Serang and Tindals, who are like boatswains amongst them, being the only persons who understand English; this gives to the voyage quite an oriental finish. Our object was to reach the southernmost point of Ceylon before the setting in of the southwest monsoon, which is generally about the 1st of June, and is attended with much danger to ships caught in it on the western coast of India, then a lee-shore upon which the monsoon blows with great fury.

We were favoured with a fair wind all down the coast, and, by the 25th of May, had passed to the eastward of Ceylon, and were flying with a strong breeze across the Bay of Bengal, having fortunately escaped from the coast before the setting in of the monsoon.

A fine run across the Bay of Bengal soon

brought us near to the Straits of Malacca. The wind now began to fall very light, which is the most to fear in these parts, where ships only depend on the squalls for sailing through. We exchanged colours with an English barque, homeward-bound, that passed close to us, and were preparing to speak her, when a sudden squall prevented it. We were anxious to know if there was war with China, on account of the intended opening of the gates of Canton to Englishmen, agreeably to a previous treaty, which time had now arrived, and it was supposed the Chinese would resist.

We found, on our arrival there, that they had refused to open them, and the question remains to this day *in statu quo*.

Our progress is slow between the Nicobar island and Sumatra, which coast we wish to avoid, but a strong current sets us on to it. At noon, the chief officer descried high land in the distance, on the starboard bow, which soon proved to be the Islands of Pulo Rondo, Pulo Way, and Pulo Brasse, situated on the

north coast of Sumatra, and seen at a distance of forty miles. Beyond them is the high land of Sumatra, called Acheen head, distant about five leagues; the wind being light, and the current against us, we anchored for the night.

June 1st. The coast of Sumatra is very mountainous; a little inland, Golden mountain, a distinct peak, rises 7,000 feet above the level of the sea. It can be discerned from a ship's deck, at a distance of ninety miles. The shore is lined with cocoa-nut trees, as far as the eye can reach. The sea being as smooth as a mill-pond, we lowered a boat, and had a row in the Straits of Malacca; but, from the excessive heat of the sun, we were soon glad to give it up, and return on board.

During the evening, a large sword-fish leaped out of the water several times close alongside, and in the night we had a "Sumatra," which is a very sudden squall from off the mountains, accompanied with much lightning, generally occurring

at night. These squalls are peculiar to this coast, and require great watching, as they come on strong and unexpected in the midst of light winds, when the ship is covered with canvass alow and aloft ; they are soon over, and so would be a ship that did not keep a sharp look out for them.

The next day, we found ourselves a few miles from the shore, which is well wooded, and contains several villages, and detached fisherman's huts. Some boats with a square mat-sail are coasting along, but do not seem inclined to communicate with us. This being the region of "Malay proas," of piratical notoriety, we are content to see that they are of small size, and few in number. The coast is inhabited by barbarous tribes, who have attacked many ships and massacred the crews. The sailing directions advise caution in approaching, or in communicating with the shore. A few days ago, the arms were cleaned and put into good order as a precautionary measure. Diamond Point, Sumatra, is now in sight,

and several three-masted Malay proas are passing in the distance.

5th June. A dead calm; we have only made three miles since yesterday. After breakfast, a scene occurred, that formed a strong contrast to the placid aspect of the ship, lying motionless upon the blue waters.

The Lascars, who make their last meal at six, p.m., had been hard at work all night in the rain, making and shortening sail, and had kept at it up to their breakfast hour, at nine, when the mate very injudiciously set them about some job on the foremast, not requiring immediate attention, which kept them from their "kaunna," that no doubt they were in want of; one and all of them refused to go on with the work, and came aft in an insolent manner, to complain to the Captain, as it appears they had done to the Serang, without his giving a due consideration to their reasonable demand.

The mate, being the only one who understood their language, without going into

the case, reported it as an act of open mutiny, pushed them forwards hastily, and several blows were exchanged. Their numbers being overpowering, the cutlasses were called for, not knowing how it would end. The Lascars were driven from the quarter-deck, when it appeared that many of them had not taken part with the mutineers, and were willing to proceed with their duty. On that account, for the sake of example, the "Seedee," or Abyssinian, who had distinguished himself the most in the disturbance, was seized up to the capstern, and sentenced to receive three dozen, in presence of all the crew, drawn up to witness punishment.

The officers and petty officers were called on the poop, and armed with muskets and cutlasses, to be used by them if necessary. The Serang was then called; and, after a long explanation, in which it appeared that he himself was a little in fault for not reporting the complaints made to him by the crew in a proper manner to

the captain, the flogging was remitted, on the understanding that in future it should be given "Egdum" (at once) for any breach of discipline from any one of them ; and the captain at the same time gave orders, that excepting in cases of emergency, their hours of meals were not to be interfered with on any account ; all parties dispersed equally satisfied, and an hour afterwards it was difficult to believe that such a stirring scene had occurred at all in the quiet "Charlotte Jane."

During the day, a boat was lowered to try the current. We were surrounded by porpoises, one of which I shot a few yards from the boat. Bonetas were jumping continually out of the water ; sea-snakes floated by in numbers, and sea-birds were flying over head in all directions.

A very singular feature in the Straits of Malacca is the great number of large trees constantly floating about, driven down from the Sumatra and Malayan rivers, into the sea. At a distance they appear like ships, or boats with sails, and

are often covered with barnacles, and followed by sharks and various other fish. As you advance to the eastward, they decrease in number and in size.

The islands of Pulo Varela and Pulo Jarra, on the Malay coast, are in sight. Anchored off Pulo Brothers, the wind and tide being against us. All these islands are high, and covered with a thick green jungle, from the top down to the water's edge, which, contrasting with the clear azure blue of the sea, forms a very beautiful landscape.

June 10th. Exchanged signals with the ship "Trusty," from Arracan, to Singapore. Asked Captain Barkly\* to breakfast. He came with a gentleman who had been in the vessel for a year, on a voyage of pleasure. They stayed all day with us, the ships keeping company.

By a curious coincidence, these two vessels had passed each other some months

\* Since unfortunately drowned by the upsetting of a boat in the Woosung River, in China.



before, when outward bound, within a few miles of the spot where we met again, close to the Two-and-a-Half Fathom Bank, the terror of all navigators in these Straits, and where government talks of fixing a buoy that will be of no service. A floating light is what is required, the danger being in the night, when a buoy cannot be seen, any better than Parcelar Hill, which is the landmark to steer by in the daytime, but many miles distant from the Bank.

All ships going through the Straits would, no doubt, willingly contribute towards a toll to keep it up, and most probably from the stir now made, a floating light will soon be laid down.

On our arrival at Singapore, we found a Committee formed, to take the opinions of all captains coming through this high-road to China as to the best measures required to point out the hidden danger.

The general opinion at Singapore is, that "*nothing less than a floating light will be of much practical benefit to the shipping interest.*"

Captain Lawrence, a most excellent navi-

gator and experienced seaman, stated before the Committee in answer as to the most fitting locality for the buoys sent down from Bengal to be placed in the straits of Malacca. —“ One on the Two-and-a-half Fathom Bank, and one on the South Sands; but a *light-vessel* would be preferable to both, and no ship would object to pay part of the expense of the light.”

Captain Barkly, commander of the Trusty, stated “ one on the Two-and-a-half Fathom Bank, and the other on the Blenheim Shoal;” but I agree with Captain Lawrence about a *light-vessel*, which no ship would object to contribute to. At that time, the Committee had already obtained the recorded opinions of twenty-eight commanders of vessels visiting these parts. All are unanimously in favour of a floating light, and not only recommend its establishment, in preference to buoys, but are equally agreed cheerfully to contribute to the expenses attending it.

Towards evening, having got an indistinct

view of Parcelar Hill, we were preparing to anchor during the night, when a violent "Sumatra," stronger than any we had yet experienced, struck the ship. We were not more than a mile distant from the bank. The anchor was let go, but we had got a foul hawse, and the chain could not run through. The other anchor was not ready.

The night was dark, the rain came down in torrents, thunder and lightning succeeded each other with terrific rapidity. The shouting of the officers and the wild cries of the Lascars, rose above the raging tempest, and the imminent danger of striking on the bank close at hand, rendered the scene one of the most fearfully exciting it is possible to imagine. This continued until the welcome sound of the chain-cable, rushing freely along the decks, proclaimed to our anxious ears that the second anchor had reached the bottom. A few minutes later, it would have been of no avail, as we must have struck upon the Two-and-a-half Fathom Bank.

Nothing I have witnessed at sea ever made

such an impression upon me as the stirring scene that night, excepting on a former voyage,\* a burial at sea off Cape Horn. Among the troops we then had on board, was an Irishman, who was returning home invalided, with his wife and two children. Off New Zealand, he was seized with erysipelas, which, under ordinary circumstances, would probably not have been fatal, but, in those tempestuous regions of the much mis-named Pacific Ocean, the chances were all against him, and the continual violent motion of the ship, constantly under reefed canvass, so aggravated his complaint as to leave no hope of recovery; he lingered a few weeks, and died.

The afternoon was the time fixed for committing his remains to the deep, with all the ceremony usual on such occasions. The crew and troops were mustered on the quarter-deck, and the passengers and officers before the poop. The body, sewn up in a hammock and covered with the Union Jack,

\* In 1842, when returning from Australasia with the invalids of the 51st Regiment (Queen's Own).

was placed against one of the quarter-deck port-holes. The minister read the burial service, and everything was ready to cast off, when there arose a scene of inexpressible despair that drew tears from the eyes of most present.

The wife of the deceased, a young person of great beauty, who until that moment had stifled her grief, threw herself upon the hammock containing the corpse of her husband, and clung to it with so convulsive a grasp, that nothing could induce her to abandon it.

The little children, unconscious of their loss, stood smiling by. Every heart was melting, and the rough sailors who during that perilous navigation had faced such hardships that might be supposed to render them callous to anything like feeling, were equally affected.

There was something so bitter in the thought of leaving for ever her departed husband in those dark, desolate regions of eternal storms, at the very farthest ex-

tremity of the globe, when only a few days before she had been fostering fond hopes of his recovery, and of passing her days in some quiet retreat of her native isle. It was so painful to reflect upon, that all present shared her grief.

But a fresh feature had arisen, which added yet to the interest of that heart-rending scene. The wind had been gradually getting up, and had now increased to a gale. It became difficult to stand on deck. The service was concluded, and the Captain and clergyman entreated her to allow the body to be consigned to its last home, but all was of no avail.

Suddenly, the wind sank to a lull, the forerunner of a heavier storm; when its death-like silence was interrupted by the shrill voice of the chief officer—“*Stand by topsail halyards, fore and aft!*”

The sailors, who had watched the coming tempest, had long expected this order, and flew to their respective stations; the huge masts were bending under too ample

canvass, and the ocean around was becoming one mass of foam. Scarcely a minute had elapsed, when, from the same voice, was heard the well-known command —“ *All hands reef topsails, away aloft!*”

The scene of confusion had now reached its height. The number of people on the quarter-deck seriously interfered with the manœuvres; the danger was great, and required decided measures. The Captain, at last, was obliged to consult the safety of the ship; and, reluctantly allowing his duty to supersede the softer feelings of his nature, gave the order to lead her away. Never will that sad moment be effaced from my memory, and the scene of despair that followed must be left for the imagination to conceive.

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The sailors sprang aloft, the topsail yards were lowered on the cap; and the loud rattling of chains, which they caused by their fall, formed the last funeral dirge to the remains of the unfortunate soldier.

APPENDIX.

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## A DAY IN THE GOVERNOR'S HOUSE

[As the following very interesting particulars in relation to the occurrences of every-day life in the house of the Noble Governor to whom I have alluded, elucidate the portion of my narrative to which they refer, and throw no inconsiderable light on Oriental manners and customs, I have ventured to inscribe them from the excellent periodical in which they have appeared.]

"HENCEFORTH," says a recent writer, speaking of the East, "a lovely and stately vision is ever present to my mind and my heart. . . . Mountains, valleys, and oceans are now between us, but mental portraiture can never be obliterated." To this I yield a cordial assent; for in far more vivid colours than any other scenes of my life are those of a short residence in India painted on my memory; daguerreotyped there perhaps by that glorious sun, the remembrance of which makes the brightest day of our northern summer appear pale and faded. My Eastern home was the governor's house at Parell, a noble building, originally a Portuguese convent, surrounded by the nearest likeness to an English park that ever I



saw in India. The chapel of former times has been made a vast dining-room; the chancel a billiard-room—a sad desecration, to which time, however, has reconciled the inmates of the dwelling.

Above this transformed church a suite of drawing-rooms has been built, opening into lofty stone corridors hung with the painted lamps of China. The sleeping apartments are also in suites, and to each is attached a sitting-room and baths. The jaloused windows of our chambers commanded a fine view of the Kandhalla Hills; and immediately beneath them lay the garden, which, though rather quaint and formal, was very pretty. In the centre path, opposite the dining-room, stood that loveliest of ornaments, a fountain, having on each side of it one of those tall trees, the berries of which are natural castanets, that ring most musically in every breeze, bringing to remembrance the singing-tree of the “Arabian Nights.” From the branches of these leafy musicians a magnificent creeper hung in a festoon over the fountain, and the sparkling water, playing high above it, left in its descent many a liquid opal on its large white bell-shaped flowers. Beyond these opened a glimpse of the tank, shaded by lofty palms.

A day spent in this Eastern dwelling was so different in its routine, its business, and its pleasures, from one passed in busy England, that a sketch of the “sayings and doings” of four-and-twenty hours there may not be devoid of interest

to those who know little of the detail of Oriental life; in which "the golden hours" glide by in such a sweet monotony, that a picture of one day would image forth nearly all the year's.

Very regularly at five o'clock every morning, the crows awake, and by their discordant matins effectually banish sleep; a very umromantic ending to pleasant dreams; but the freeness of the morning air stealing through the jalousies, atones for the ungracious noise. Those of our household who rode or walked early then prepared for their excursion; for myself, I preferred the 'between sleeping and waking' of the coolest hour of the day, except on a few occasions, when I was tempted to sketch by starlight. Gradually this half sleep is disturbed by the low plashing of water, as the bearers commence filling the bath; an employment of some duration, as it is effected by bringing the water in jars, called *chatties*, up several flights of stairs.

The bath is undoubtedly the greatest luxury of the East; one lingers in it as long as possible, for the toilet which follows is in the heat a weary task; though, on returning to the sleeping-room, the refreshment of a cup of tea and biscuit is always presented to the bather. On issuing from our chamber, we were greeted in the long corridor beyond it by the assembled servants, who had passed the night there—the head-servants, the sepoy, the bearers, and a gardener; the last of

whom held on a salver his fragrant morning offering of a bouquet of red roses, tied round a stick to preserve them from the warmth of the hand, and bathed in rose-water to increase their freshness. This pretty gift is offered with a profound salaam, and a grace which is apparently the inheritance of the children of the East.

The corridor we traversed was a gallery open on one side with jalousies; on the opposite wall hung some pictures, on which, from the train of thought they awoke, I could never gaze without feeling touched. They were views of Scotland, and a faded likeness of Neil Gow, memorials of the patriotic feelings of a former and Scotch governor. But the climate of India is unfriendly to the arts. The monsoon is the unsparing enemy of pianos and pictures; and the Views of the Falls of the Clyde and Melrose Abbey have become, under its influence, very ghostly and faded images of the distant scenes they represent. Nine o'clock brought breakfast, a meal consisting of fish (of which the pomfret is perhaps the best), curry, mutton-chops, grilled chickens, eggs, guava-jelly, marmalade, limes, oranges, mangoes, bananas, tea, &c. At its close, the servants bring finger-glasses, in which are fragrant lime-leaves, a delightful addition to the cool water they contain. Over the breakfast-table a punkah is suspended. As we dispersed to our several morning occupations, we saw a number of horses on the lawn in front, led

about by the grooms, and adorned with strings of the calamata flower. On enquiry, we found that the day was the 'festival of horses,' and that their owners were expected to give a *bucksheesh* to the animals' attendants, part of which was devoted to religious purposes—if such a term can be applied to a heathen sacrifice—and the rest to a grand entertainment among themselves.

The governor had retired to his office, whither he was speedily followed by a royal suppliant, whose approach excited no small amusement. We were standing in the drawing-room, when from the grand staircase rose the sudden apparition of a couple of large blankets held sideways by six bearers, so as to form a sort of passage. Within this extraordinary veil walked the Eastern princess, her tiny and jewelled ankles and naked feet being visible below it. She did not deign to take any notice of us; but, without appearing to observe anyone in the room, the procession moved slowly and solemnly past us, and ascended to the Burra Sahib's apartment. Here, as we afterwards learned, she stepped from her screen, and after a speech to the governor, informing him that she considered him as a father, and his private secretary as her brother, she lifted her veil, and displayed the features of an elderly Hindoo woman, which are almost invariably plain even to ugliness. The request she came to proffer was, that she might marry her minister; but, for certain political

reasons, the Burra Sahib had the cruelty to refuse her; and, after trying all kinds of eloquence unavailingly, the disappointed lady returned behind her blanket-screen, and departed in the same singular and solemn state in which she had appeared.

As strange, or even a stranger guest, occupied the remainder of the governor's morning. This was a chief whose mother had vowed before his birth that if Siva granted her a certain prayer, her child, when he had attained a proper age, should creep on his hands and knees to pay his homage to the nearest English ruler. The fated period had now arrived, and the involuntary pilgrim, in obedience to his mother's vow, had crawled nearly seven hundred miles, taking many weary days or nights for the journey, and gained Parell, his hands and knees torn and wounded by his terrible toil. I missed seeing him, and regretted the circumstance much, as such unselfish performance of duty gave him a strong hold on our interest.

Tiffen, or luncheon, was ready at half-past two, and in the profusion and variety of the viands, greatly surpassed the breakfast. The attendants, who wait behind each person's chair, are Parsees—the ancient fire-worshippers, or Ghebers of Persia, who fled from Mohammedan persecution to Bombay, and have there risen, by their talent and energy, far above the original lords of the land. Tiffen is the time when in general all the family assemble, and occasional visitors are re-

ceived. It is, I believe, usual for people to take a siesta after luncheon; in this Eastern custom, however, we did not indulge, but read, played, or worked, as in England, till five o'clock, when the carriage was announced, and we went for our usual drive. The governor's equipage is always attended by a cavalry guard; and on this occasion it was from the Hindoo lancers his escort was chosen; whose slim forms, dark complexions, gay uniform, and the fluttering pennon at the head of their lances, added greatly to the picturesque effect of the runners with gold sticks, and the gaudy gorra-wallahs belonging to the turn-out. Our drive was either to the esplanade outside the fort, where the regimental bands generally played, or (as on the day I am describing) to the Breach—a broken shore facing the setting sun. It was a long and picturesque drive; the road being sometimes bordered by cotton-trees, at others winding through cocoa-nut groves, and at intervals giving to view the round towers in which are the Parsees' sepulchres. Here the hateful vultures have their haunt, and sometimes swoop low over the carriage, gorged with their foul repast upon the dead; for on a grating upon the top of these towers the Parsee corpse is laid to be devoured by the birds of prey, the bones falling through in time, and thus making way for another body.

The Breach is the loveliest spot in Bombay; it is a winding shore, on which the waves of the

Indian Ocean lose themselves amongst small and low black rocks. A grove of palm-trees bounds the view towards the south; a Hindoo temple towards the north; and on the landward side of the road black broken rocks are crowned by the palmyrene, in whose fan-like crown of leaves and branches the bird, which, like the Parsee, loves the light, hangs her nest with fireflies. And here, at sunset, a singular and impressive scene presented itself. Our carriage was at first alone, but presently several white-robed Parsees made their appearance, and standing in a line on the shore, offered their worship to the elements in silence. Then a mounted Affghan galloped up, and, springing from his steed, spread his prayer-carpet, and commenced the gesticulations of Mohammedan devotion, laying his forehead on the earth. At a little distance, by the wayside, a Hindoo knelt in prayer. His altar was a red stone with a flag over it. The stillness of the hour—for not a sound was audible except the dash of the waves—added greatly to the interest of the scene: and the carriage was kept stationary here for some time, the gorra-wallahs fanning away the insects from the horses till the moon rose, when by its clear pure light we drove homewards.

That evening was to be marked by a display of royal favour to the first descendant of Shem, who (since Saladin!) has received the honour of knighthood. After a grand dinner, the governor was to

present to Sir Jamsetjee Jeejeebhoy, a Parsee, a gold medal set with diamonds, and bearing her Majesty's likeness, as a present from the Queen. The dinner hour was eight, and the party consisted—what would people think of such a dinner party at that season—of *eighty* persons! It is the duty of the aides-de-camp to arrange the *precedence* properly; and, as the Anglo-Indians are somewhat jealous of the *essential* privilege of going down stairs first, the East India Company have given certain rules by which the judgment of the gentlemen of the staff is guided: one point being, that all the civil and military people of the Company's service shall precede the Queen's.

A dinner at the government-house is a grand affair. The stairs are of black marble, and on each step stand two Hindoo soldiers, each with a drawn sword; flowerpots of choice plants being also placed near them on the same wide step. The dinner is served in the Russian fashion: a splendid display of plate, fruit, and flowers on the table, and a bill of fare on everybody's plate, from which all choose their repast. These bills of fare are curious, from the mode of expression adapted in them by the Parsee writer. After soup, fish, &c. 'cock-turkey' *roast*, generally heads an endless list of strangely-spelled dishes; 'plum-pudding *boil*' and 'bananas *fry*' being almost always in the catalogue of the second course. About eighty servants wait on the guests at



Parell ; in private houses it is usual, we were told, for the guests to bring their own attendants to wait at table.

When the gentlemen came into the drawing-room, preparations were made for the presentation of the medal. A small table, covered with a velvet cushion, was brought to the upper end of the principal drawing-room, and the governor took his place beside it. The Parsee knight was then led forward by the secretaries ; he was a tall, fine old man, with a most benevolent expression in his dark eyes and on his lofty brow. He was dressed in the costume of his nation—a flowing and snowy-white robe girt round the waist with a rich scarlet shawl of Cashmere, and on his head the stiff square cap, covered with deep lilac cotton, which was originally a badge of degradation and inferiority imposed on his race by the Hindoos (as the yellow cap was during the middle ages on the Jews), but is now retained by the Gnebers as an honoured memorial of their adherence to their ancient faith. The governor presented him with the golden gift in the Queen's name, informing him that it was a token of her Majesty's esteem, and of her sense of the munificence he had displayed towards her subjects, he having in the course of a year bestowed the immense sum of £90,000 in charity on Europeans.

The Parsee listened with looks of intense gratification ; and when the governor ceased

speaking, drew a paper from his girdle, and read his answer of thanks very intelligibly. He was then presented to the ladies near him; and his little daughter was introduced. She was a lovely child, of about ten years of age, wearing a head-dress similar to her father's, and in her nose a splendid ring, about the circumference of half-a-crown, to which were suspended an emerald and two large pearls. This ornament is by no means unbecoming, and is equivalent in signification to our wedding ring. We learned, however, that the little Perojeebhoy was not betrothed, as is usual at her age, her father, with singular liberality, leaving her the privilege of choosing her husband; but that he judged it expedient to conform to the prejudices of his caste by making her wear the nose jewel. Her attire otherwise consisted of a scarlet satin tunic covered with figured lace, trousers of the same materials, a close jacket of dark-blue satin, and four necklaces—one of emeralds, another of sapphires, and the others of large pearls and diamonds: these costly ornaments were valued at £10,000, or a lac of rupees. The Parsee girls are allowed to mix in society till they attain the age of twelve, when they are closely shut up in the zenana; and it is not considered etiquette to make even an inquiry after their health of their husbands.

Sir Jamsetjee Jeejeebhoy owes his immense fortune, estimated at £300,000 a year, solely to

his industry and energy. He was originally a bottle-*wallah*, or seller of old bottles; but, by carefully husbanding small gains, and living frugally, was at last able to speculate in opium, and other branches of Oriental traffic. His commercial genius directed these speculations so judiciously, that he is now the richest of his race, and the gold thus won is used for the noblest purposes. The sum mentioned above on the authority of the governor, an hospital erected and endowed at his own expense, a cause-way to unite the islands of Salsette and Bombay, formerly a dangerous passage—are but a few public instances of his beneficence. When he drives out, he has always a bag of *pice* (halfpence) beside him to throw to the poor, and is of course followed by a strange and motley crew. Dancing followed the presentation, and terminated at eleven by the performance of 'God save the Queen.' We asked the young Parsee if *she* would like to dance? She replied very quietly, 'No: when I wish for dancing, I need not do it myself; I get people to dance for me; and I wonder the rich English do not so likewise, instead of dancing themselves.' She made the same observation with regard to music, a stretch of philosophical contempt for the fine arts which we found more difficult to pardon.

At eleven we retired for the night, passing again through the picture-gallery, the floor of which was now partially covered with sleeping

figures, closely muffled in long robes, and extended on mats; one Parsee boy being distinguished from his companions by a floating drapery of silver gauze over his head and shoulders. Through the partially open jalousies shone the lucid stars, looking so clearly bright and solemn, that (but for the mosquitoes) one longed to keep a vigil on 'the house top,' and watch their silent courses. But the shrill horn of the tiny tormentors hovering round us forbade the wish: this is *their* hour, and their reign is a despotic one. No marvel one cannot see a feature of the dark visages of the sleepers; they are muffled from the bite of these evil genii, who as effectually destroy repose as if they were so many troubled consciences.

At the end of the corridor stood an unkindled *shiggry*, or iron basket of charcoal, with a kettle and a fan near it, in case the 'ma'am sahibs' should require tea in the night; and near it sat our sepoy Juan, a tall graceful Hindoo, waiting our coming with his sword beside him, before he also went to sleep, which he did on the mat outside our silken screen. A cup of tea, and a slice of bread and butter, constituted our evening meal, and then we prepared for rest. The lamps of cocoa-nut oil were placed on the matting; the mosquito net had been already laid down; as, if kept up after five o'clock, there is a chance of a mosquito finding a hiding-place within it. The bed itself is raised from the floor and stands on small stone pedestals,

hollowed, and filled with water, to prevent the ascent of ants, or other insects. Getting within the mosquito-net *must* be a very rapid achievement, and is effected while the *ayah* waves a large fan round, to keep off the foe; it is then closely secured, the candles extinguished, and all seek repose.

This, nevertheless, is sometimes difficult of attainment, as occasionally the heat at night is intolerably oppressive, and the noises are varied and ceaseless: snakes hiss; a certain unknown insect snores so like a man, that at first I laid the blame of the disturbance on Juan; and the jackalls that cross over from Elephanta in search of prey, utter their shrill wail, which bears a painful resemblance to the cry of an infant. Towards midnight, lights glancing by the palm-trees near the tank, the sound of the tom-tom, and of an instrument very like a bagpipe, announced a native wedding in the village, recalling the beautiful parable of the Bridal Virgins; and, before the last shrill tones became inaudible, we were in the land of dreams, gazing on home images, and hearing long silent voices; for in sleep the East and its gorgeous visions were invariably forgotten, and we were again in that little Northern isle which has no equal either in the Western or Eastern world.—Chambers' Edinburgh Journal.

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